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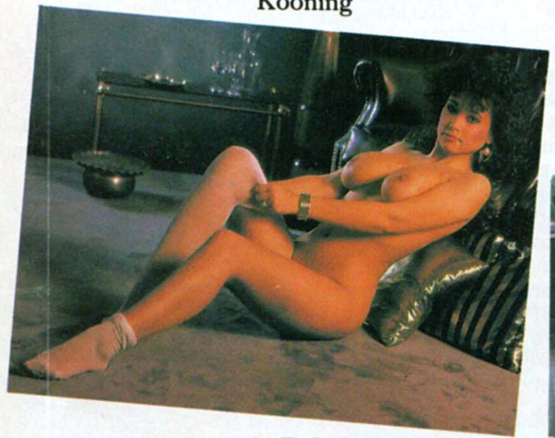

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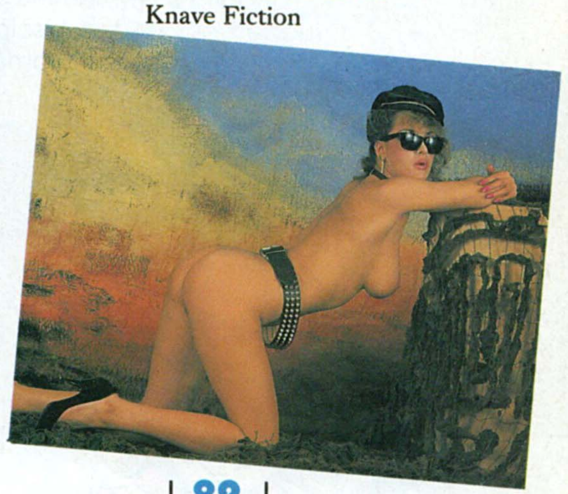

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES FREEMAN

Knight Sight

Good Morrow, serfs! Welcome to Knight Sight, the bit where I have my say about the lusty young wenches you will shortly feast your eyes upon. Oh, pardon me, I haven't even introduced myself yet! My name is Sir Porkalot, cousin to the aptly named Sir Lancealot, knight in tarnished armour, drunken oaf, and a true Knave. All you loyal subjects out there need someone of incredible sexual prowess and embarrassingly large genitalia to lead you through this veritable forest of fanny and point out the best pieces of foliage . . . So I must take myself in hand, and pass my semi-Royal judgement on the luscious ladies. Bring on the women!

AS NATURE INTENDED . . .

"There's something about being outdoors that makes Maggie want to take her clothes off," says the simpleton from the blurb desk. Mayhap it is the soothing breeze; perchance the lapping of water at the lake's edge lulls her temperament into thoughts of unencumbered bodily movement; possibly the plaintive calls of the lonely inland gulls cry 'freedom' to her restless soul. Personally, I would wager that it is the packet of *Doctor Rhinohorn's Patent Fuckstruck Powder'* that the Assistant Editor always spreads so copiously on her picnic victuals.

I presume that Sir Gutto the incoherent Editor, posed in the background during Maggie's previous outdoor shoot, because she is said here to have, "stripped off in front of a big chopper" on that occasion. I have looked up the word in my twentieth century dictionary, and I can say for certain that the Editor is the biggest one of *those* round here!

BLUE MOON

"Look at the tits on this one!" leered Sir Gutto, the Editor of this parchment when I paid a visit to his inner sanctum. She is indeed a busty young wench, and a film celebrity to boot! But it wasn't until that scoundrel from the House of Jimmy (*Does he mean me? — Asst. Ed.*) told me that Kascha's film parts were the same ones I was looking at, that I realised she was *not* likely to have appeared in *Platoon*. Much though the soldiers may have liked it. In fact, *Privates On Parade* would be more apposite, methinks. A lady who copulates for a living . . . Egad, a match made in heaven, we already have so much in common! Serf, fetch my stallion, I feel a journey coming on!

MICRO–SURGERY

It tickles me sometimes to hear about the progress that the Knave staff all assure me has taken place since the bygone days when I was a lad.

"Ah," say the staff here, "you must confess that medicine has taken a giant leap forward." True, we had smallpox and Bubonic plague, but then we had not developed either Aids or herpes, so I think we will, in the modern vernacular, call that one a no-score draw.

I find, from a 1987 clipping, that these doctors can train on a computer which does its best to emulate a real life patient. The machine can be examined and questioned, and will supply vital signs such as pulse rate, temperature and blood pressure. It can feel – or imitate feeling – pain, and emit an electronic 'ouch' when prodded in a tender place. Lawks a mercy!

I wonder if it can also output the reactions: Your hands are cold; You have sewn me up with a set of forceps still inside me; That is the wrong part of my anatomy you have amputated; Touch me there again and I shall report you to the British Medical Council; And Prop Forwards don't usually suffer from P.M.T? A better move might be to let real patients go to see computer doctors, don't you think?

FLOWER OF THE ORIENT

Having surreptitiously examined the Editor's personal organiser the other week — an Alcofax, I believe it is called: 365 pages of drinks from around the world, 1 page of 1989 diary and a tube map of Burton — I was under the impression that a Mai-Ling was one of those things he mixed up from gin and metal polish every Thursday afternoon.

Strangely enough, though, Mai-Ling turns out to be this month's Amateur Model. She works, I am told, for one of those airline companies, which I believe roughly translates to my day as waiting table at the Passage To India in Algezir town — you certainly stand roughly the same chance of being under armed siege at least once during your working life.

Among her proposed places to visit, it says here, is the unexplored hinterland of the XS Editor's wallet. Zounds! Talk of the Heart of Darkness! As a matter of fact, I am able to reveal the precise contents of this unmatched receptacle, to whit: a large white five pound note, a 'best by Oct 68' latex rubber prophylactic and a bill from the Algezir Passage to India.

Which picture is Mai-Ling? What, with a name like that? Oddsbodkins, what a shower . . .

SANDY BOTTOMS

You would reasonably assume from the photographical image here that Lisa is glazing her tan on some faraway beach, but it seems this is not so. Once one spots the name of photographer Austin Legrew ('The Desert Rat'), custom insists that the poor girl will be staked out in the middle of some godless, sandy African waste "roasting her tight little buttocks off," as the blurb department scribe so poetically phrases it.

You cannot actually see Lisa's gluteal regions in my picture, so you will have to make do with alternative charms at this stage. Any comments about fried eggs in a desert while this feisty female is within earshot will certainly result in the rapid conjunction of her kneecap with your meat and two veg. Readers valuing the prodding power of their spam assegais will therefore find it advisable to stick to less quicksand-like territory. "Warm today, innit?" might not represent the full glory of conversational English, but at least it will save you from a kick in the nomads.

Knight Sight

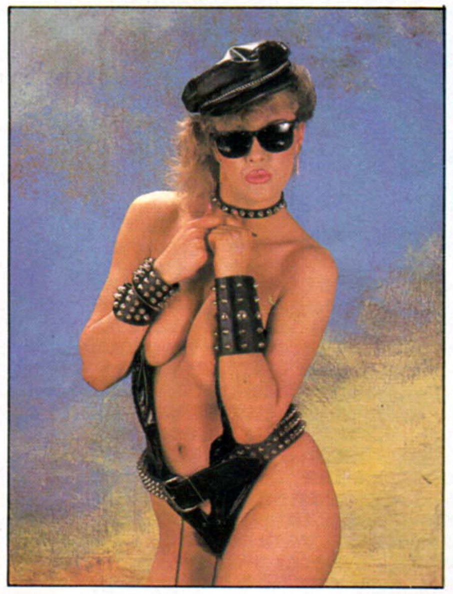
SEÑOR GUTTO?

Red-shoed and reclining in an armchair to the accompaniment of a mounted pitcher is Gabriella.

She was, it says here, raised from good Spanish stock before coming to this country. The sentence bears a remarkable resemblance to the description of the paella on the menu of 'Manuel's Of Clacton'.

The blurb writer is obviously another new boy on one of those Jobs for Yobs schemes. He assumes that it is some measure of Gabriella's undoubted charms — and I do not simply refer to Spanish Eyes — which accounts for the Editor, Sir Gutto of the House of Beer, following her into the ladies' lavatorial complex. Not so, young serf, not so. A few months here and he will realise that this is far from unusual where the inebriate and rotund one is concerned. In fact, my money is on the pair having fought over who got the boss's favourite cubicle — though what he *does* with the tampon incinerator, heaven only knows.

Gadzooks! The Assistant Editor has just seen my earlier reference to 'a mounted pitcher', misconstrued it as a reference to dalliance among baseball players and threatened me with prosecution under Clause 28. What is the world coming to?



ARMED AND DANGEROUS

One aspect of the twentieth century that I am not sure I will ever become fully accustomed to is the way so many women seem to have men's names these days. So far I have come across Teri, Gerry, Jo, Micki, Ali, Stevie, Sam, Alex, Danny, Frankie, Georgie and Brian, (*Have you been at my medicine cabinet again? — Ed*).

Now, beleathered and studded like Atilla the Hun's kid sister, we have Charlie. It doesn't seem right somehow, but at least it adds new dimension to the phrase 'I feel like a right Charlie'. Frankly, I feel like a left one too. No point in splitting up a matching set, now is there?

If you reckon that you have any funny press cuttings for my column, why not sendeth them in. We pay £20 sterling for every one published! Send them to: Knight Sight, Knave, PO Box 312, Witham, Essex, CM8 3SZ.

A DARK HORSE

If you think the hand-printed wallpaper with pyjama-clad gee-gees is a little weird, you should have seen what they really wanted Mistress Amanda to pose with. "We were supposed to have a stuffed zebra on this set, but sadly the RSPCA blocked it," moans the distraught jackanapes of a blurb writer. Who the RSPCA may be I cannot tell, but their intervention surprises me little.

Unless the taxidermal arts have changed greatly since my century — and I doubt it some — it is normally considered polite to ensure that the zebra is dead before stuffing it. Likewise, material such as straw, cotton, wool, sawdust, offcuts of fustian or even the Editor's cast-off underclothing are usually thought suitable for the task — at any rate somewhat more suitable than the Fiesta Editor's penis . . .

You may be puzzled by Amanda's chosen pose in this photograph, and I am too. Rumour has it that she is practising a move employed in something called synchronised swimming. I am reluctantly led to believe that it is some sort of sport.

JOKER

That joke you heard in the pub last night could get you a crisp blue fiver. Send your funnies to: Knave Plays Joker, P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

An accountant, a barman and a Knave photographer died and were waiting at the Pearly Gates. An angel came out to interview them.

"You," he said to the accountant, "you like money so much that you married a woman called Penny. To Hell with you!" The barman stepped up. "And you," bellowed the angel, "you liked liquor so much you married a woman called Sherry. To Hell with you!"

"Wait a minute," the angel called to the Knave photographer, who had joined his friends, "why are you following them?"

"I don't stand a chance," said the Knave staffer, "my wife's called Fanny."

* * *

A drunk walks into a bar and says, "If I can make my arse sing, do I get a free drink?" The bartender agrees, and the drunk jumps up onto a table, drops his trousers and takes a shit.

The patrons go screaming out into the street and the furious bartender shouts, "Why the fuck did you do that?"

The drunk promptly responds, "Hey, even Frank Sinatra has to clear his throat."

* * *

How do you find a blind man in a nudist camp? It isn't hard!

* * *

The American tourist party were walking through the small Arabian village, when they came across a local man grooming his camel. One American stayed behind, to view this simple piece of local life while the rest of the group wandered ahead.

Finally, he asked the Arab if he had the time. Kneeling down by the camel's hind legs, the Arab picked up the camel's balls and felt their weight in his hands, moving them slightly from side to side. "It is 1.30pm," he said.

The tourist was amazed. "I'll give you $200 if you'll show me how to tell the time that way," said the American. The Arab thought for a moment before he took the money. The tourist moved around the camel until he knelt by the Arab. Reaching out, the Arab hefted the weight of the animal's scrotum, moved it to the side and said, "Do you see that clock over there . . ."

* * *

It was 11pm and the pub car park was full, when the pub doors swung open and out staggered a man. A police car parked just around the corner noted the drunk's appearance and watched as he fell flat on his face, picked himself up, and stumbled into several parked cars before finding his own.

Finally he found his keys and started up his car. Immediately, he slipped into gear and narrowly missed several parked cars as he sped out of the car park and down the street with the police car in hot pursuit.

After three miles of dodging and weaving, the police managed to pull him over. "Would you mind blowing into this?" asked one of the officers. The man did so, and to the coppers' amazement, the breath-test was negative. The driver was stone cold sober!

"Right, name and occupation," said the policeman.

"Pete Russell," replied the driver, "professional decoy."

* * *

Did you know that there are over 500,000 Mr. Smiths in this country? They're all in Brighton on a Saturday night.

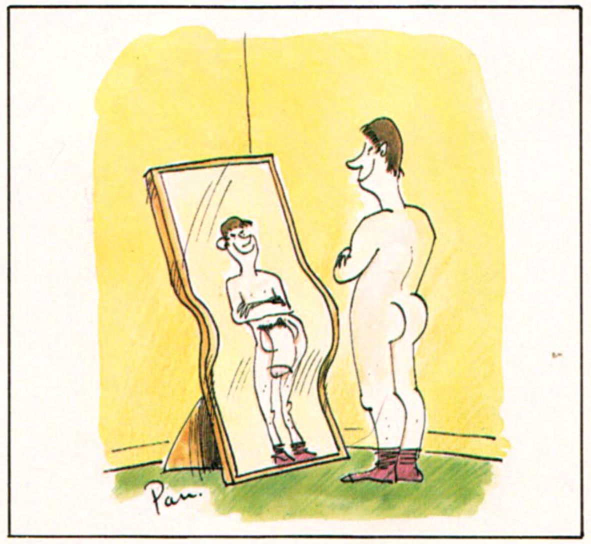
* * *

A man wandering home came across an attractive girl crying her eyes out, shouting, "James is dead, James is dead!"

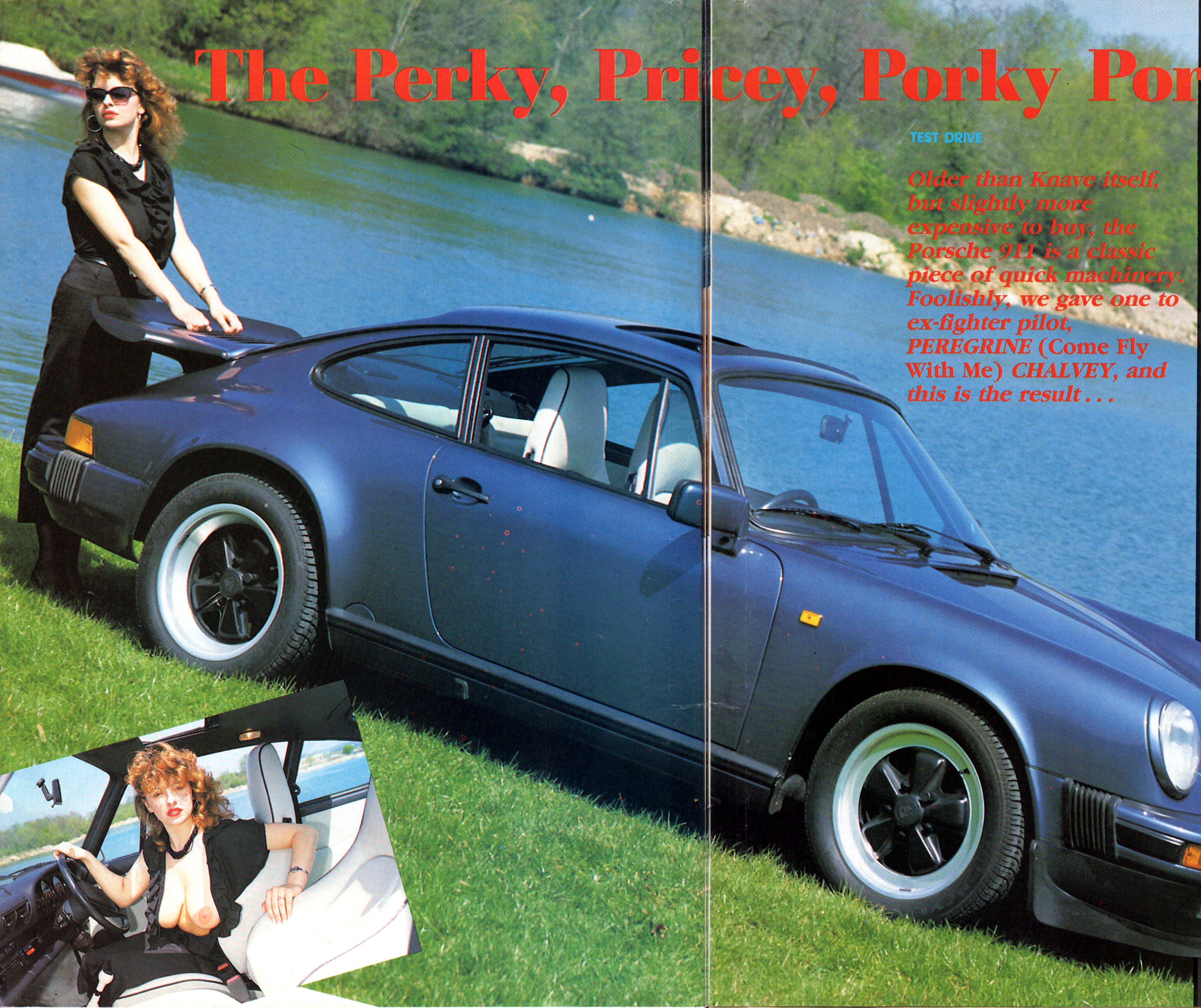
Getting closer to his house, he saw a crowd of women weeping and all shouting, "James is dead, James is dead!" Bemused, he carried on walking until he reached the sight of an horrific road accident. A huge lorry had hit a pedestrian, and lying on the ground, surrounded by crying women, was a two foot long penis. All around him, women were sobbing, "James is dead, James is dead!"

When he got to his house, he told his wife what he'd seen, finishing by mentioning the huge penis he had seen lying on the ground.

"Oh no," screamed his wife, "James is dead!"



The Perky, Pricey, Porky Porsche!



TEST DRIVE

Older than Knave itself, but slightly more expensive to buy, the Porsche 911 is a classic piece of quick machinery. Foolishly, we gave one to ex-fighter pilot, PEREGRINE (Come Fly With Me) *CHALVEY, and this is the result . . .*

My dear and respected colleague, Crispin Partridge, recently opined in these hallowed pages that were Hitler alive today he would drive a Volkswagen Corrado. Not having Herr Hitler's phone number in Paraguay, I cannot check, but personally believe that he would still prefer his armour-plated Mercedes with the raised floor in the rear to make him look larger than his somewhat abbreviated actual height. Also, the Merc would be more adept than the VW for stormtrooping through Milton Keynes, or wherever fate would take 'Ad the Lad' in the late 90s. Whatever, I digress (*Oh really? — Ed*). Nobody really knows what he would drive, but we can say for sure that the little ginger-haired, mother-hating Anti-Christ was indirectly responsible for the curvaceous model you see before you here (*The stating of the obvious has been deleted at this point — Ed*).

It was Ferdinand Porsche who was responsible for the original VW. Over to you, Mr H: 'I am pleased that, due to the capabilities of the brilliant designer Porsche and his staff, that it has become possible to complete the first designs of the German *Volkswagen* . . .' Thus, in 1935, the VW Beetle was born and off then went Ferdinand Porsche, who previously designed the awesome pre-war GP Auto-Unions, to concentrate on building sports cars.

The VeeDubb had a platform chassis with a little boxer engine shoved in aft and, Porsche realised (since he designed it . . .), the bulbous body could be taken off and sold as a *Guinness Book Of Records* jelly mould, to be replaced by something a little sportier. Thus, the 'Porky' 356 was born in 1948, and its line of heritage can be seen in 911s to this day.

Gone is the separate platform chassis, but still there is the derivative of the Beetle engine, albeit with two more cylinders and oodles more power. The Porsche 911 shape isn't quite as old as the Beetle's but it does date back to 1963, so at 26 it is no chicken. It still looks modern, though, doesn't it?

Big on performance, big on re-sale value, big in the City and big on price, the Porsche (pronounced *Portia*) is a living legend. And they are big in the city, too. A broker worth his salt wouldn't be seen without one. Porsche tried to kill off the car a few years ago, to concentrate on the 924/944/928 series, but there was a huge outcry from devotees of the model who would have none of it. Just as Audi had to concede to Quattro fans in 1989, Porsche bowed to pressure and kept the 911 in production and the car has become more and more popular.

Backin 1963, when the car first appeared, the 911 sported a 1991cc engine with 130bhp on tap (a weedier 356 four-powered device, known as the 912, was also offered). It just about squeezed under 9 seconds to 60mph and its sleek shape helped it to a 130mph top speed. Little did the swoopy coupé know that one day it would have a twin-turbo motor to propel it, 'thinking' four-wheeldrive and a 197mph top speed. But the related 959 does all that and more!

Today, the 'People's Sports Car' in standard form is a pretty fearsome beast with performance which will see off all but the 'super-est' supercars, and easily and smoothly at that. Ferraris can be fickle and Lamborghinis can be laborious, but Porsches are perfect for those wishing to combine speed with reliability and economy with practicality. You see, your average Yuppie doesn't have to be that talented to drive a Porky reasonably quickly and, in doing so, he won't crease his clothes as he would in something low slung and Italian. And anyway, cellular phones don't really go with non-Teutonic sports tackle, do they?

You need the best part of £40k to join the ranks of 911 owners, the base, virgin model costing £37,973. That is the one without any spoilers or wings and which looks most like its Beetle ancestor. Looks can be deceptive, though, for having skinny wheels and no extra bodywork to cleave the air, it is the base 911 which is the fastest of the bunch. From here on in, the 911 story gets confusing. The SE (Sport Equipment) used to feature 'Turbo' bodywork, suspension and running gear, but now that car is the SSE (Super Sport Equipment). The straight SE now just has the uprated dampers and the wings. The cost? The SE Carrera is £43,009 and the SSE £50,068. The SE is equivalent to the price of a base Fiat Uno extra and the SEE almost an MR2 on top! Start adding extras like colour-coded wheels, *from* £253 . . . and shortened gear lever at £50 (?) let alone leather trim at £2600 and you are talking about serious sponderoonies.

> "Your average yuppie doesn't have to be that talented to drive a Porky."

This machine, which belongs to Harrison ('Arry' to his chums) Hatfield, a City broker, is an '89 model in SE spec, and it has seen more crumpet than a baker's on a Friday morning. It has also seen a fair bit of action of the other sort, because Harrison is one of the few 'Porky' owners who likes driving his car the way that it was intended: bloody quickly, and he insisted that we did, too.

The original 1991cc 'six' has grown steadily over the years and now comes in at 3164cc, a jump of almost errm . . . 59%. That is an awful lot, but nothing compared to the horses emmited by the engine. They have increased by 78% in the same time, which has got to be some sort of record, but for the life of me I cannot think what. The engine is the same old air-cooled boxer (the name comes from the way the con-rods of the horizontally opposed cylinders look as if they box each other as the crankshaft goes round), and the all-alloy unit has but a single cam for each bank of three cylinders and two valves per cylinder, but it still manages to produce 231bhp at 5900rpm and 203lb ft of torque at 4800rpm.

That engine still hangs out the back like a road digger's arse but its effects on Porky handling have been mostly ironed out over the past few years; given more than a quarter of a century to try, you would expect Porsche

engineers to manage it, wouldn't you? Power goes forward from the engine to a five-speed gearbox and back halfway again to the differential and the whole lot slots into the back of the car. It slots out, too, as a bunch of yobs found out when they 'borrowed' a test car I once had and drove over a mini roundabout at high speed and left the 'go pack' behind on the mid-road protruberance . . . it did mean that the 'Porkies' following the nicked Porky were able to apprehend the miscreants, but their subsequent incarceration did little to help the smouldering turbocharged power unit on the roundabout, though.

The rest of the car's spec is pretty tame, really, but it all works well enough. There are beefy brakes, chunky tyres and quick steering, but 911 Porsches are all about attaching a couple of seats to that delicious power unit.

Considering that the Germans virtually invented ergonomics, the 911 is a disaster. However, there is something strangely comforting about an expensive German machine in which you can pick fault; these days, it certainly makes a change. The dials are nicely laid out, but the steering wheel, which is about two finger thicknesses away from the instrument binnacle, masks the speedo from 80mph to about 140, which is just the area where the speedo needle likes residing most . . . . There is also a plethora of switches on, under and around the dashboard and these operate items that the designers couldn't have dreamed of when the 911 was created. There are headlamp washers, a super silicon windscreen spray (extra to the normal windscreen wash), and of course the electric roof.

For a sporty machine, the Porky is easy to live with for older coves; its doors open wide and you don't have to lay flat to drive it. The seats don't look too inviting and the seat backs look more like tombstones than seat backs, but they do feel like seats. The car is narrow inside, in spite of how broad it looks from the outside, and the wheelarches intrude and it is a nuisance and a driving hindrance having pedals sprouting from the floor.

You can forgive a Porky for anything though when you turn the key and get the engine firing. It rumbles on tickover, growls on a light throttle and wails like a siren when your toes squeeze the loud pedal close to the floor. And does it go! It has too much grip to spin its wheels, so it either jolts forward or cooks Fichtel & Sachs clutch: Pooh! With that engine bearing down on the wheels, it has TRACTION aplenty and scorches to 60mph in a little over 5 secs and on to a 100mph in 10 secs more and it then adds over another 50mph before the engine runs out of urge. It will give mid '20s fuel consumption along with that 150mph performance, so the 911 ranks as the most efficient supercar of them all.

You need superhuman gonads to get the best of the chassis, though. Drive it slowly, quickly or very quickly and the Porky will understeer more and more severely. Drive at the car's limit and you need guts to go with your obvious skill. The steering gets heavy and the front wheels start to feel a little frantic, turn into the bend and squeeze the loud pedal to keep the power dialled in, but not too much of it. After the apex, boot it, and the traction and horsepower will wallop you forwards to the next curve. The point is: get past the apex in shape and you are laughing, a veritable free man. Get it askew and you might as well contort and kiss your backside 'goodbye'.

> **"Drive at the car's limit and you need guts to go with your obvious skill."**

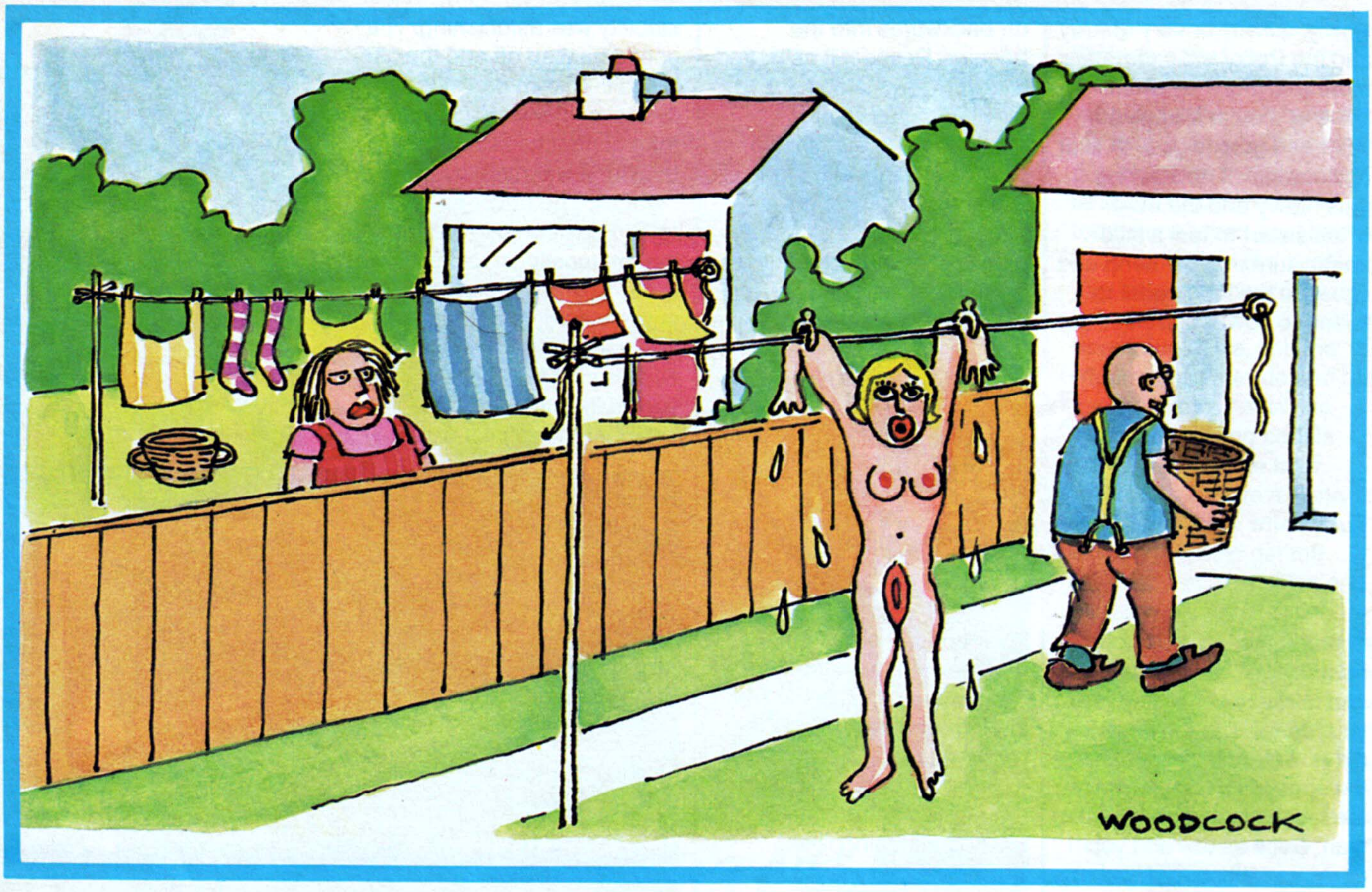
If you are out of shape up to the apex and lift off, or even *think* about lifting off, then the engine will decide that it wants to overtake the front and right now. Basically, adopt the opposite treatment to that used for a hot hatch: slow in, fast out. Then you and Porky will be around to enjoy more bends. Otherwise, you will get a quick view of the one you cocked up before you dive off backwards into the boonies. Respect it asks, and respect is what you have to give it — if you want to continue your relationship.

The detail finish on the car is astonishingly good, and even its plastic parts have a quality of manufacture which is not matched at any price. Typical is the fuel filler. A little lever under the dashboard releases a flap on the front wing under which is the filler cap. Around the cap in the recesses are little rubber flaps which fold out to protect the bodywork from those nasty grauncing filler nozzles.

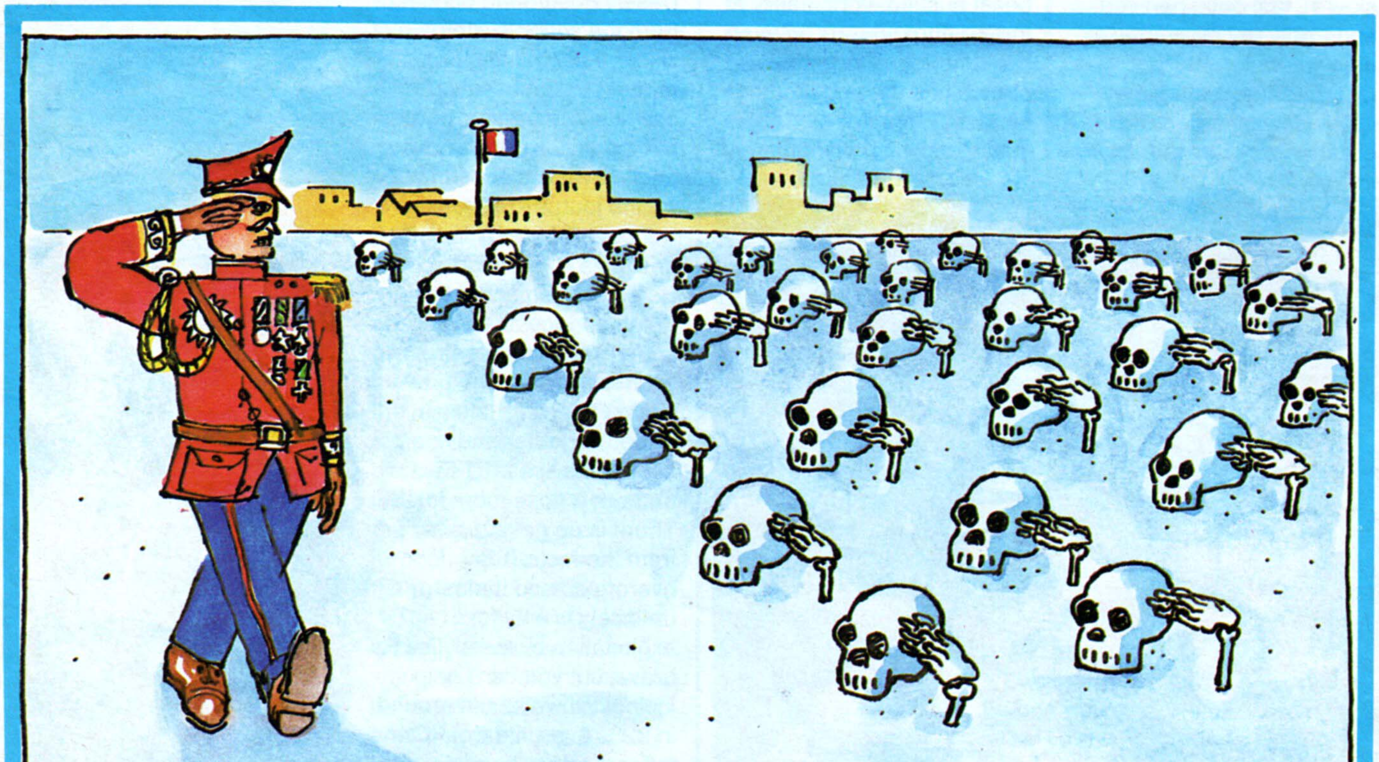
On one night-time journey from the West Midlands to West London, the Porky was confronted with roads growing empty along with the growing darkness. Its powerful lights lit up the surrounding countryside as well as the road, and the beast hustled along easily at three-figure speeds on even two-lane roads. A motorway stretch had the speedometer up at 145 mph for a brief instant at which point the stability was astonishing. The speed backed off and the car rolled into town and stopped, its brakes tick-ticking from their contractions and the back end warming the chill night air. The driver goes off to bed contented in the fact that on mostly 'A' roads with traffic and traffic controls interspersed, the Porsche has packed 135 miles into two hours. That is a really frightfully quick average, especially for a pilot cocooned inside, driving well within himself and the car, and paying more attention to the mellow sounds of the Desert Rose Band echoing from the sound system within. The morning brings a further reason to smile: a check at the garage, before 'Arry' gets his pride and joy back, reveals a consumption for the journey of 24 mpg.

The car then tootles off down the A4 through Hammersmith and Knightsbridge at an average speed just over a tenth of what it managed the previous night. The Porky takes it without a stutter and commutes like a 1.1 Fiesta but with a dose more luxury. There is no getting away from the facts: it *is* overpriced and it most definitely is only for exploitation by the skilled brave, but you can't help loving it. If we all ran around in 928s even, life would be infinitely more boring. Cheers, Adolf; Crispin sends his regards . . .

Photographs by Stewart D. Baker



LAUGH WITH KEVIN WOODCOCK



SEX, LIES & HIT MOVIES

Steven Soderbergh, the director behind *sex, lies and videotape.*

Laura San Giacomo as Cynthia in *sex, lies and videotape.*

We don't often turn you on to a great movie. Last time, Knave gave you the lowdown on Spike Lee's *She's Gotta Have It*. The film of this year covers everything close to a Knave's heart: sex, lies and videotape. It's young in heart, body, wit, honesty, sexuality. The young, unknown maker of the surprise Best Film at Cannes tells all (almost) to TONY CRAWLEY.

Suddenly, there is a new super-Steven in Hollywood. Plus the likelihood of a new Redford. And it's all down to the Cannes festival. Again.

The new golden boy is Steven Soderbergh, a bright film-maker from Louisiana – where he shot his $1.2 million first feature, ***sex, lies and videotape***. Cannes programmed it for the third day of the competition, usually the kiss of death with ten days, and 20 films to go. Except this year. From day three to the end, there was only one film talked about at Cannes: *sex, lies and videotape.*

The winner's director Steven Soderbergh and Best Actor James Spader (he's the young Redford) will never match Indiana Jones' $50 million with the opening week of *sex, lies.* But then Spielberg never won Cannes at his first try . . . with his first film . . . at age 26. "It's all downhill from here," said Soderbergh.

Not so. His second film is set at Universal, thanks to sales

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pitching by Sydney Pollack (*Tootsie, Out of Africa*), and there's a bunch of other Soderbergh scripts in gestation for his backers: a former studio executive and an ex-shrink calling their company 'Outlaw'.

Angry French critics called Soderbergh's win a joke — "eet ees OK, but a leetle film, nothing to match previous Cannes winners. *Merde alors,* only ozzer time Best awards went to a film *and* one of its actors was *Wages of Fear* in 1953. Surely, theese ees not as good as zat?" Oh yes it is!

That's the point of the Cannes jury — led by director Wim Wenders and including the 1979 Cannes Best Actress, Sally Field. *sex, lies* is the freshest, liveliest, by turns erotic, caustic, sad and funny American film in decades. Soderbergh's win bodes well, not only for the future of cinema, but for Cannes.

So, what's all the fuss about? Even Steven agrees his film is difficult to synopsise . . . Four people in Baton Rouge. Or, Huddersfield. (To say four characters would imply the usual Hollywood cardboard cut-outs; these are real people). A married couple who seem to have everything. Her sister and his friend. Hubby hasn't touched his wife for months. Too busy poking her sister, a hot number who keeps phoning him, ordering quickies like pizzas. So his friend, Graham, bonks the wife? C'mon, I said this was fresh . . .

Graham lives in his car, loving the idea of life with one key. He's also impotent. Can't do it with anyone else around . . . To aid his (unseen) wanking, he has videotape interviews he's made with women talking about their sex lives. He causes as much trouble as Terence Stamp in *Theorem*, while Soderbergh examines, often steamily, the quartet's bad, sad, funny sexuality.

Andie MacDowell as she appeared in *Greystoke* with Christopher Lambert.

Tracy Camila Johns, the lady who wanted it in Spike Lee's *She's Gotta Have It.*

Dustin Hoffman checks credentials in *Tootsie*, directed by Sydney Pollack.

"It's very truthful," suggests Laura San Giacomo, who plays the sister. "You can identify a little with each character." Scarey! Not *Jaws*-scarey but relationship scarey. It's compelling, watching these people act out the worst thing that you've done to someone and the worst thing that's been done to you.

Soderbergh is in perfect charge of his script and his players. Only Laura San Giacomo as the sister is new (devastatingly so) to films; the others clearly never had it this good before. Best known is Andie MacDowell — *Greystoke's* lover, when her Southern tones were dubbed by Glenn Close.

I caught up with Soderbergh the morning after his big night before in the Cannes Palais. Back then his big prize had been meeting Spike Lee (in the competition with his third film, *Do The Right Thing*), his big moan being that Wim Wenders and Peter Handke were on the jury — "I loved *Wings of Desire*, but I obviously can't go up and fawn over them." A week later, they did the fawning — handing him the Golden Palm.

Apart from shorts, your last work was the Yes group's concert film, *9012 Live* . . .

And I've never run into anybody who's seen it. Apart from Yes!

. . . so where did this marvel spring from?

From a situation I went through when I was very much like the character of the husband, leaving this trail of human wreckage behind me . . . which was not nice. Took a lot of effort to fight clear of that, to where I could make some significant changes in my personal relationships. Now I'm more in a mode of Graham's character.

But you were working on another script when you stopped to write this film.

It's odd because *sex, lies* to me was the most aggressively uncommercial film I've ever written. My other scripts are much more . . . *normal*! But with a slight spin to them, I hope, just because I am who I am. They're also larger and would cost more money. One, *Dead From The Neck Up* was unfortunately in the same vein as *The Naked Gun.* When we saw that we were . . .

Dead From The Neck Down . . . ?

That, too. We were thrilled — because it was funny — and depressed because it was too similar to our script. So, we put it on the shelf. And I stopped about a third of the way through *Revolver* to write *sex, lies* which was emerging very quickly. An act of expulsion. I didn't really care if anybody read it or not. I just wanted to get it out of my system.

You didn't show it around?

It got to the point where Robert Newmyer (co-founder of Outlaw) said, "Look, you stopped writing my script to write this, I think you should let me read it." Bob's a bright guy but his tastes are very much mainstream and commercial. I didn't think it was to his taste. His wife is the director of developement at Amblin (Spielberg's company), and she couldn't get through it. At page 25, she threw it down. Pfffft! Bob couldn't put it down. He found it was a page-turner, had to find out what was going to happen next. When he said, "I wanna be involved," I was happy. But surprised.

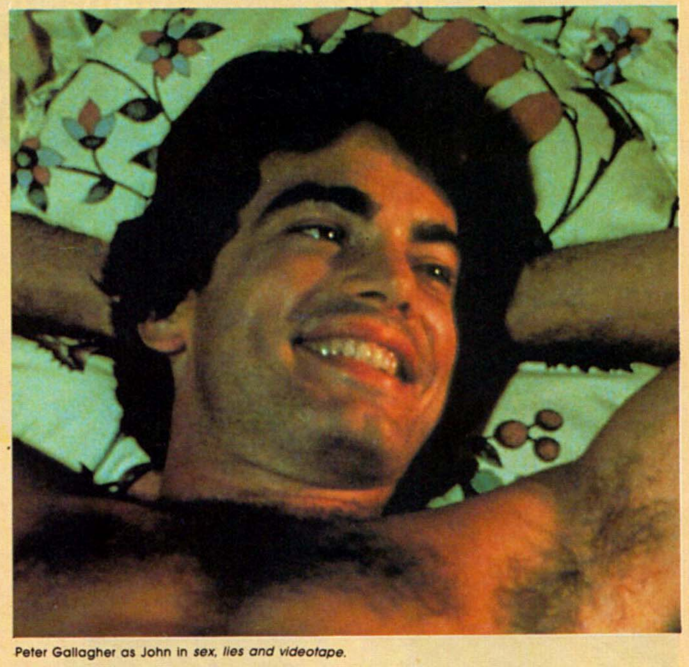
> "They made certain assumptions and thought, 'This is just pornography, I don't want to see this.'"

Happier that Spielberg's office — today's Hollywood establishment — had to give up on your script?

Funny thing is that Bob's wife couldn't get through the script but really likes the film. The initial negative reactions to the script were due to the fact that I had a very specific idea in mind, but people who read the script had their own . . . based on other movies they had seen about sex. They made certain assumptions and thought, "This is just pornography, I don't want to see this. Or, I don't want to admit I want to see this."

How did you gather your cast?

I wanted at least two people who were recognisable faces — names. I spent a week in New York and cast Laura San Giacomo and Andie MacDowell. I had some ideas for the men, but nothing concrete. In Los Angeles, James Spader (*Pretty In Pink, Wall Street*) had been given the script by his agent, although not at my suggestion. He really wanted to play Graham, which I thought was a change for him. He read for me and was great. He suggested Peter Gallagher (*Summer Lovers, High Spirits*) for the husband. I spoke to him for two hours and knew he had it.



Peter Gallagher as John in *sex, lies and videotape.*

And they added much of their own experiences?

I can only assume they did, because I got so much input from them. The film is significantly better than the script, mostly due to them. James Spader (who plays the enigmatic Graham) wouldn't let me lie on the ending.

Peter brought an awful lot to the husband — the least well drawn in the script. Peter really worked to make him more difficult to peg. Just as you thought, "Oh I've got this guy," he'd disarm you. When the sister says, "We don't have anything to talk about," you'd think his reaction would be defensive but he says, "Yeah, you're right." He kept finding ways to slither away. He's got his own little code that he lives by. Peter did a great job.

Will your audiences say: This is about us?

Could be. I've certainly been — or known — all of those characters. The women included. It's frustrating to feel yourself becoming a person you don't like when you *seem* to be kinda powerless to do anything about it. There's a universality in the specifics. The problem with a lot of movies that try to reach large audiences, they try to cover everything. I think you should scale it down, get as specific as you can. With each character. I never set out to be judgemental.

The only position I wanted to take was: If you're gonna behave a certain way, understand that it has consequences, good and bad. But I didn't point a finger and preach to people. I have my rule, but I have no desire to want to make you live by it. If somebody sees the film, analyses it a little more closely and makes changes in their life, that's great. But that's not why I made the movie.

> "If you're hoping to behave a certain way, understand it has consequences."

It's about sex — without much sex or nudity.

Well, it's not about the sexual act . . . When I see a film and somebody takes their clothes off, I'm out of the movie, suddenly. If it's Greta Scaachi taking her shirt off, I've immediately forgotten her character and I'm thinking, "Oh, that's Greta Scaachi and she's taken her shirt off." For a minute, I'm gone. I didn't want that to happen. Ultimately, it wasn't necessary. The film is so drenched in sexuality, I didn't feel the need to be explicit. Nothing would have been gained. That doesn't mean I don't think there is a role for nudity in certain films. But not this one. If somebody's disappointed because nobody disrobes completely, I can't control it. (Pause). It's part of the *lies* in the title!

Any problems with the title?

Contractually, RCA/ Columbia Home Video who

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pre-bought all the rights (so that we could make it), had the power to change the title. And wanted to change it up until the initial success at the U.S. Film Festival, at Park City, Utah.

What did they suggest?

Oh, nothing . . . But we had these insane conversations with the RCA/Columbia marketing people . . . "Well, see the problem is that the buyers of the video-cassettes think that the public will think that it was shot on video-tape. So, *sex, lies* — we can keep that! But the third word . . . can we lose the third word?"

Big irony is that it ends up on videotape.

And plays well. I finished the mastering of the tape the other week. Looks great on tape.

(Bigger irony: *sex, lies* is released by . . . Virgin!) Just a couple of years ago, you couldn't get anyone to talk to you . . .

I was never bitter about that. Giving a film to a first-time feature director is a calculated risk. But the doors were never closed. I got to see people. I had a reputation as a good writer. People who'd seen my short films had the understanding that at some point I was going to get an opportunity to make a feature film and, hopefully, do well. So I don't go around telling people — you blew it! A lotta people were very supportive and took me to lunch when it was irrelevant to take me to lunch, but they liked me and I had no money. I'm happy for them, they're vindicated. And they're happy for me. A good feeling.

> "I have no desire to be a Bad Boy Director. That's just not what I'm interested in."

The videotape from *sex, lies and videotape!*

Now everyone's talking to you!

I get some scripts. Not a lot. It's funny to me to be offered films that are about to start shooting . . . "This is a go-movie! We're shooting in four weeks. We need a director." It's strange that after seeing *sex, lies*, they surmise that I'd want to jump in at the last minute like that.

You were busily chatting with Spike Lee yesterday. What do two Cannes-made directors chew the fat over?

Lots of things. About films. About how Spike still lives in Brooklyn while I don't wanna go back to Louisiana, it's in very bad shape, socio-economically, and getting worse. I'm moving to Virginia. Oh yeah (laugh), and how he deals with the ramifications of being so outspoken, because I'd recently slandered somebody in *Rolling Stone* (magazine) and had to go apologise. Spike never apologises! But he attacks in a different way.

He gave you the address of a good lawyer?

Well, it didn't get to that. Fortunately, I managed to put out the fire.

If you mean your comments about the *Beverly Hills Cop/Top Gun* producers, Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer — why apologise?

Because it was a tacky thing to say. And I was raised better than that. Even they admitted, "Hey, if you'd worked for us for a year and thought we were slime, fine." I'd never worked for them. I had *no* contact with these guys. So, it was just uncalled for.

Watching your mouth now?

The point is if I was going to make a statement about them, I should have made a statement based upon what I knew, which was their films — and not them personally. I have no desire to be a Bad Boy Director. That's just not what I'm interested in. It was just unfortunate.

The script you stopped, *Revolver*, is about an American James Bond . . . Long promised by Hollywood, never delivered.

That's true. At Outlaw, we're big fans of the first three Bond films and distressed at how ludicrous Bond films have gotten. We thought: Where's the American version of *From Russia With Love . . .?* Is *Remo Williams* the best Hollywood can do? We wanted something that was a cross between the early Bonds and Frederick Forsyth — an intelligent thriller that was still very entertaining and revolved around the spies.

From Jackal With Love . . . ?

That's a good idea! I started work and then dumped it to start *sex, lies*. But it's something that still appeals to me. I'm still happy with my basic idea. I owe Bob Newmyer that script. Outlaw has agreed to let me stew a while. If I decide to finish it, we'll do it. Until then, I'm spending the next four, five months adapting William Brinkley's novel, *The Last Ship*, for Outlaw. Only difference this time, is that we've managed to attach Sydney Pollack as the executive producer . . . at Universal. It's a fairly large film. I have to write a script that's good enough to attract a large name or it won't get made.

How did Pollack get into your act?

He liked *sex, lies* and asked me in to talk. Very nice man. Very much like he is in *Tootsie* — without the rows! Very animated, very funny, great story-teller. Obviously very secure with who he is and makes you immediately feel very comfortable. Turned out we're both technically minded, so we got into some very technical discussions. Then he said, "Do you have anything I could get involved in?" I said, Well, there's this great book, really has to be a studio project because of its size. Take a look and see what you think. He liked the book reviews I gave him — the book is so huge, he said, "I can't read this!"

How very Hollywood — didn't that bother you?

No, it was a good thing, as much of the book is very internal. He was able to look at the events it covers and say, "OK, there's the basis of a great movie here. Obviously needs to be edited. I think this can work."

James Spader, as he appeared in *Pretty In Pink.*

Peter Gallagher, forced to look at Daryl Hannah and her naked friend in *Summer Lovers.*

Roy Scheider in one of Soderbergh's favourite movies — *Jaws.*

And he persuaded Universal?

That was amazing . . . We went into Universal to pitch it to the head of production. I said, "Hi, how're you doing?" and nothing else. When you're playing basketball with Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, you give him the ball and he dunks it. Same with Pollack. He immediately launches into a 15 minute, passionate, lucid pitch and Universal said, "Great, let's do it . . . OK, goodbye!" It was really embarrassing how quickly it happened. But I'm curious to try the studio process and having another film-maker like Pollack helping to protect me, makes me feel good.

Except doesn't Pollack just make safe films?

I can see how one could have that opinion, certainly. For me, he makes intelligent films about grown-ups. He's genuinely interested in how people interact. I feel a certain kinship there. But yeah, I buy that.

Like Spike Lee a couple of years ago, you've been compared to Woody Allen?

That, I don't buy!

Dealing with sexuality, real people . . .

Frankly I don't think he's willing to get this ugly about it. He's made some amazing films — some masterpieces. And some films where I wanna burn the negatives . . . as everybody has. Now I feel he's into just intellectual exercises, sexual relationships are dealt with in a drawing room fashion. They never get sweaty. I'm not saying *sex, lies* is better than his movies. I just wish sometimes he would get . . . *primal!* Here I go slandering Woody Allen . . . ! He has this big thing about Ingmar Bergman — why make films about other films? I haven't noticed that Bergman is interested in making films about people living in Manhattan . . .

What was the movie that first got you thinking of becoming a film-maker?

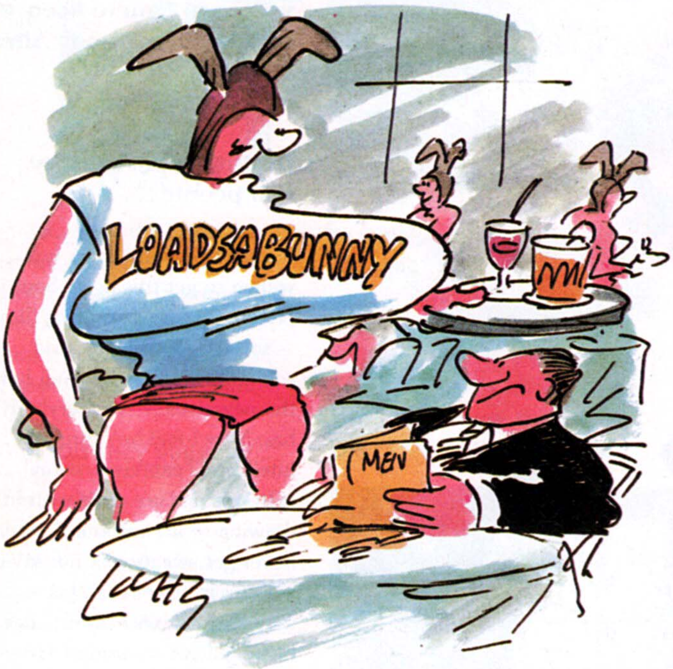
It's not the film that shows up on many critics' lists but in 1975 I was 12 years old and I saw *Jaws* — and thought, "This is what I wanna do." I was in a theatre full of people and they were, like, on the floor!

Never expected that film from you.

I try to see anything, everything. Particularly David Lynch, Martin Scorsese, Peter Weir, Jonathan Demme and I very much like Spike Lee and Jim Jarmusch. *The Third Man* is one of my favourite films. *Jaws* is a great film, too. A perfect piece of entertainment. I paid to see that 28 times.

Spielberg's combine owes you more time reading your scripts.

But that was a long time ago.


LOADSABUNNY
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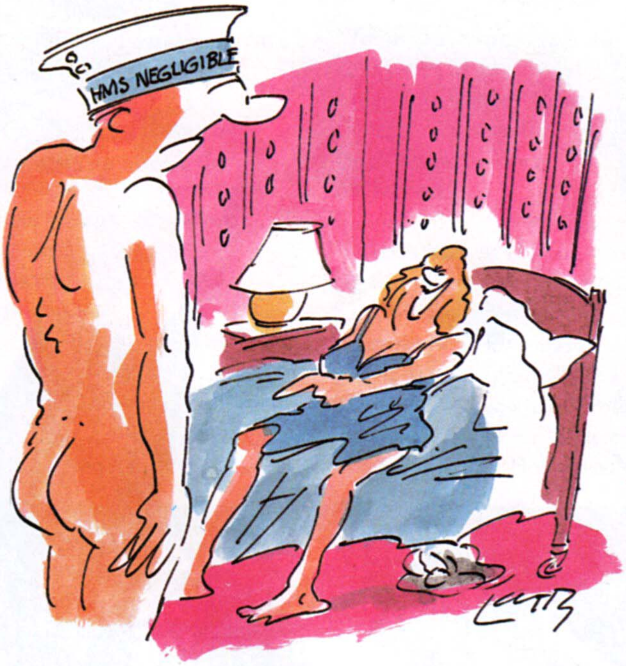
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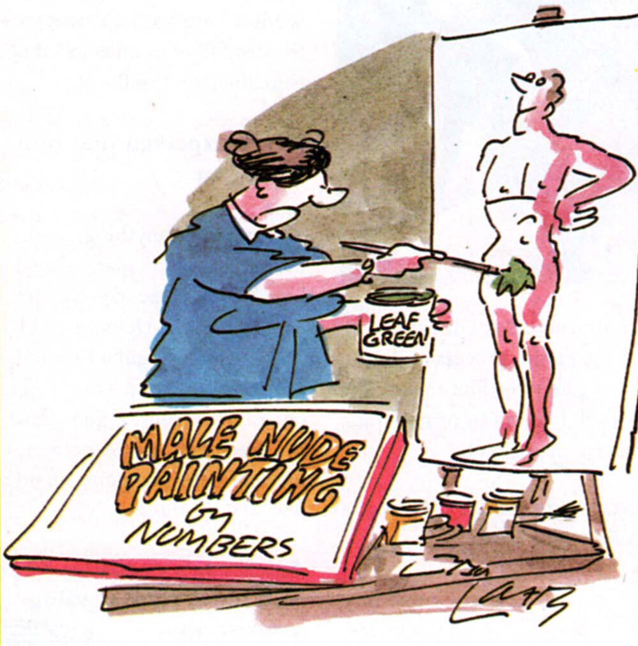
LEAF GREEN
MALE NUDE PAINTING BY NUMBERS
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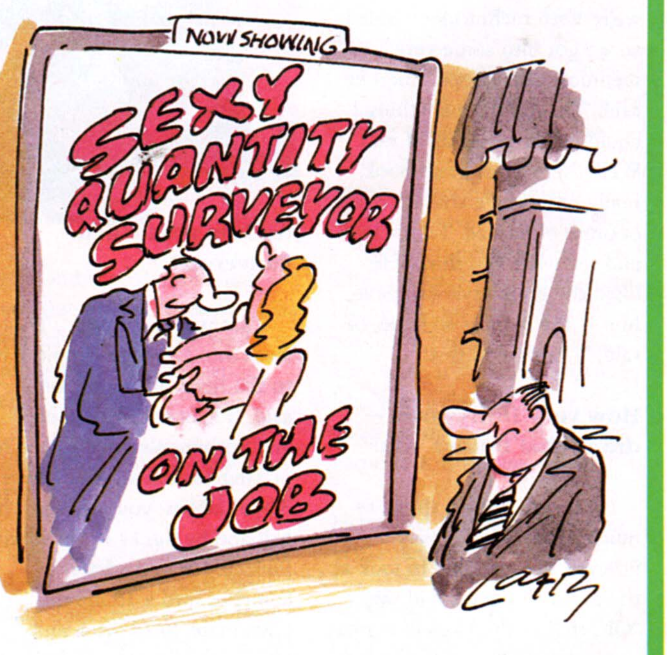
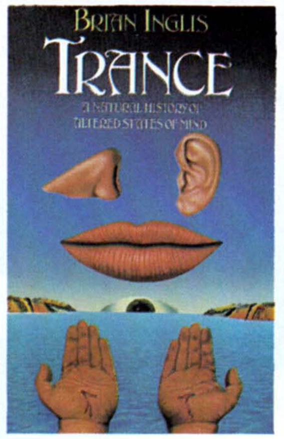
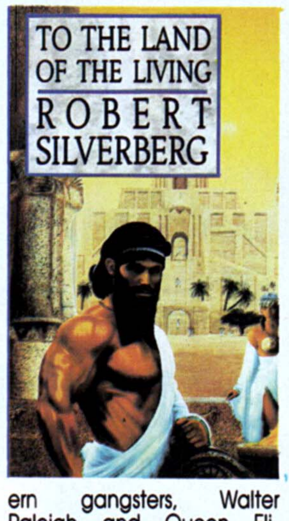

NOW SHOWING
SEXY QUANTITY SURVEYOR
ON THE JOB
Larry

Books

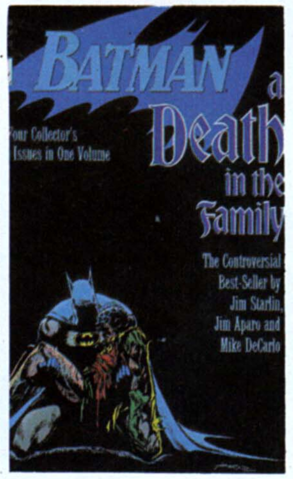
The human mind is, on the whole, a fascinating thing. And one of the most fascinating things about it is its propensity to enter altered states of consciousness. Brian Inglis's ***Trance: A Natural History Of Altered States Of Mind*** *(Grafton, £15.95)* is a scholarly yet readable examination of phenomena which psychologists tend to shy away from: hysteria, hypnotism, motorway hypnosis, mystical states, spiritualism, etc. as well as that familiar ride we all take into our unconscious – sleep. It's no random dipping into esoteric and weird happenings like so many books on the subject are. It traces not only the phenomena themselves, from the beginnings of time to the present, but it also locates those experiences in the context of how people have tried to explain them (or explain them away). Part history, part anthropology and part detective story, it's required reading for anyone who is interested in how our brains work.



Gilgamesh, legendary god/man/hero/king of ancient Sumer died and found himself in the Afterworld, an unfathomed volatile realm where death is still possible, but not as a permanent feature – inevitably people are born again somewhere else in the Afterworld almost immediately or perhaps after a thousand years or so. That's how Robert Silverberg's ***To The Land Of The Living*** *(Gollancz, £12.95)* begins. And as history passes on earth and generations are born and die so the Afterworld is populated with the newly dead. In the life after life cities are built and battles fought. Weird pacts and intrigues are made. Kublai Khan, Mao Ze-dung, modern gangsters, Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth I dream of conquest again, using tactical nukes this time round! But Gilgamesh is above all this. Rather, he devotes his time to wandering in the wilderness, eschewing the guns and missiles of the later dead, hunting with knife and bow instead. His dreams are only for his wild, hairy friend and fellow hunter Enkindu who has already died three times in this weird world. The thing is that Gilgamesh is not as detached as he likes to think. When he meets up with Herod, Simon Magus and a hairy wizard who died way back in pre-history, he learns that he has once rebuilt his ancient capital of Uruk in the Afterworld, been its King and died – things he has no memory of.



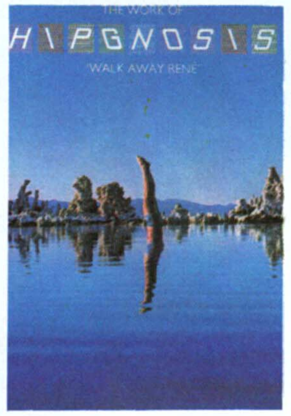
He has no choice but to go and find the city – which he does easily enough. He also finds his mother who is shacking up with Picasso, and manages to get himself embroiled in a quest to re-enter the land of the living. As you may have gathered, he leads a busy and interesting life. Will he make it back to the original world? What will he make of modern day America if he does? Where does his dad, the god Lugalbanda fit into this action packed feat of fantastic imagaination? Read the book and find out, you'll also have an enjoyable hour or four into the bargain.


BATMAN
a Death in the Family
Four Collector's Issues in One Volume
The Controversial Best-Seller by Jim Starlin, Jim Aparo and Mike DeCarlo

The Batman started off as a lone crime fighter driven by a grief verging on the psychopathic. Last year reader's of *Batman* magazine in the States voted for him to return to his solitary ways. But what to do with the new Robin, Jason Todd who had replaced Dick Grayson? All is revealed in graphic detail in the English version of ***A Death In The Family*** *(Titan, £2.50).*

Meanwhile, England's own comic hero Judge Dredd – super thug and star of *2000 AD* is also appearing in a full colour collection of tales under the title ***Judge Dredd's Crime File. Vol 1*** *(Titan, £3.50).* The piccies in this one are something special. John Higgins' meticulous artwork in 'Last Of The Bad Guys' and Jose Oritz's Rogue Trooper illustration are fantastic.

More artwork, this time from the airbrush of Philip Castle. His ***Airshow*** *(Paper Tiger, £8.95)* contains examples of his magazine work, advertising, posters (he was responsible for the striking poster for *A Clockwork Orange*) and private commissions. A common theme he explores is that of human merging with machine. Farrah Fawcett's chromium plated breasts being just two high points of this particular fascination! Elsewhere another love of his – aircraft – come in for some mythic and spellbinding treatments.



In the history of album cover design one team stands out as pre-eminent. Just how pervasive the Hipgnosis bunch have been is obvious on even the most cursory glance through the pages of ***Walk Away Rene*** *(Paper Tiger, £8.95).* It's worth having just to look at the pictures and wallow in the nostalgia. The accompanying text, illuminating their 'creative processes' at work makes fascinating and often amusing reading. Social history of the most acceptable sort.

A crime novel with a difference, well several differences really, is Stephen Prashers' highly recommended ***The Cellar At The Top Of The Stairs*** *(Pan, £2.99).* Incest, murder, heavy drugs, blackmail and bombs don't immediately suggest a funny read. But the humour that comes through is deliciously black. Anti-hero, out of work actor, Angelo Paris is a dedicated piss-artist with a neat line in socialist philosophy and a feminist girl-friend who he has the knack of infuriating to the nth degree. So, when he finds out that he seems to be involved somehow in the sale of the body of a murdered woman and lets Eth know about it, he understands that he's going to be in for a strange time of it. And is he? Who the girl is, why she died, and who the guy that mysteriously appeared to buy her corpse are all questions that he'd sooner ignore in favour of going down the pub for an odd pint or ten. But Eth sees the murder as a crime against women and gets Angelo to start doing a bit of detective work. This promptly brings them into conflict with all manner of criminals and other interesting low-life/marginal members of society. Brilliant stuff which should appeal to a wide and deranged audience.

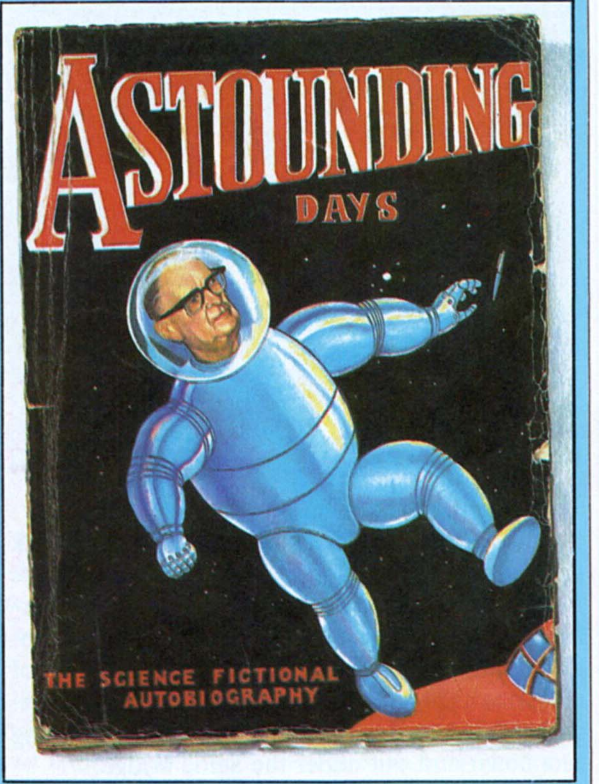
More crime in Desmond Lowden's ***Shadow Run*** *(Andre Deutsch, £10.95).* Public schoolboy Joffrey's sighting of a white van dripping blood from its rear doors is taken by his schoolmates and masters as yet another example of his pathological lying. Only he's absolutely right when he insists that some dreadful crime has been committed. In fact, he's witnessed the tail end of a botched raid on a van carrying official paper to the royal mint – the sort of paper that'd be very renumerative for any halfway decent forger. Although the first raid doesn't work, plans are underway for a second. And the plans are meticulous as they have to be to cope with the high-tech protection afforded to the security vans used to transport this precious cargo. Unfortunately for Joffrey, he's destined to get caught up with this second raid as well. This book is wonderfully and satisfyingly crafted, drawing together the murderous threads of villainy with the poignant experiences of the outcast and victimized Joffrey. The plot is strong, the detail convincing and the payoff effective. Highly recommended.

Crime fiction number three is Marten Claridge's ***Nobody's Fool*** *(Headline, £12.95).* Like all good murder stories it starts off with a body, the body in question is that of a fourteen year old girl, pubic hairs shaved off, strangled and with a belly button full of sperm. Lovely. From that clue basis, a mad and ruthless multiple murderer has to be tracked down. Detective Inspector Frank McMorran is the man to do that. Currently suspended after someone he was on the trail of died a violent death, he has a reputation for cracking hard cases. And despite internal police politickin' he pursues his quarry from Edinburgh through to the wilds of Perthshire. The finale, which occurs way after I lost track of the body count is suitably, gripping.

Remember Central TV's ***Tales Of Sherwood Forest*** which hit the screens in June? I do, because like Rick Hamilton I too used to teach at Trent Poly. Unlike Rick I never opened a bar in deepest Nottingham and consequently never had to put up with anything like the series of disasters which poor old Rick had to contend with. Neil McKay's novelization *(Arrow, £2.99)* should bring memories flooding back.

Charles Warren

Book Of The Month



Arthur C. Clarke's reputation is well won as Nebula and Hugo award winning story teller, as Oscar nominee along with Stanley Kubrick for his screenplay of *2001*, and as genuine contributor to the hardware that makes modern communications technology possible. He's packed a lot into his seventy plus years, far too much to put into one conventional autobiographical volume. His autobiography **Astounding Days** *(Gollancz, £12.95)* is subtitled *A Science Fictional Autobiography*, which it is, but not in the sense you might expect. Arthur's life story emerges but it's set in the context of *Astounding Stories* magazine through a discussion of the fiction and artwork which appeared in its various incarnations and editorships.

As a vehicle of expression this method has a lot going for it, it gives a sense of direction and cohesiveness to what would otherwise be a mere collection of anecdotes, albeit interesting enough acecdotes. Best of all it means that this book isn't plagued by that usual bane of autobiographers, the ever-present and obtrusive *I* did this then *I* did that syndrome. With the author's ego out of the way, the man's natural modesty comes through and you actually learn more about him and the times he lived through than if he had concentrated entirely on himself and his own considerable achievements.

Charles Warren

Movies

Another Woman is Woody Allen's 17th film and the 8th one with Mia Farrow. It's also another of his all-too-frequent descents into self-conscious, self-regurgitating, self-searching.

Fortunately, he's worked with new actors, and has chosen an excellent cast: Gena Rowlands, Ian Holm and Gene Hackman. He also wastes Blythe Danner, John Houseman and David Ogden Stiers, all of whom are given embarrassingly little to do. At least they had little to memorise, presumably for the glory of being in an Allen film.

Rowlands plays a self-possessed philosophy professor on sabbatical who has sub-letted a second flat to write her book. A woman's voice – Farrow's – leaks in from the grate connecting her flat with the one next door, used as an analyst's office. Rowlands overhears the neurotic outpourings and ends up meeting the owner. Farrow, heavily pregnant, does her earth-mother act *again*, and is wet, earnest and anguished *again*. (Her next director should give her the Pill, a firm kick and a good tickle.)

Rowlands, discovering that her own life has been sadly lacking in both risk-taking and passion, inexplicably runs into people from her past. Flashbacks abound, complete with voice-over, and a few surreal dreams are thrown in for good measure.

What a pity, then, that nothing ripples to the surface, not a damn thing sp-

arkles and nothing moves you to care, because it's all so slick and controlled and lifeless. Instead of being roused and touched by a live orchestra, all you get is muzak in a lift.

Now, Rowlands is one great actress, but even she can't struggle against a one-dimensional role, even when her character's control breaks down. Make that a dimension and a half. Hackman brings the only earthiness to the whole business – not only as the character who would have 'saved' her had she married him, but in his acting – it's the only time *Another Woman* comes alive. Nobody should expect Allen to be constantly funny all the time, although as a satirist he's gifted. But as a slightly pompous artiste? Pass.

There have been a couple of films in the past few years bemoaning the demise of old movie houses in small towns. The last one, the Welsh *Coming Up Roses* did it the most tenderly. Ettore Scola's **Splendor** has a lot in common with it, although it's more complicated, and has the advantage of Marcello Mastroianni in the lead role. Never putting a foot wrong, as usual, he portrays Jordan, owner of the 'Splendor' who, at the age of six, had followed his father's travelling cinema to remote villages. During the Fascist regime, he bought the old theatre, accompanied by Chantal, the satin-bottomed cashier and Luigi, a gawky projectionist. (He's the passionate buff; films are his substitute for life itself.)

But crippling debts are one thing, while an abandoning public now satisfied with the stench of TV head-rot is the real death knell, for the cinema and for its spirit.

Though Scola gets tangled up in his hero's storyline, and his relationship with Chantal is thrown away, and the pace is that of an afternoon nap, the film is immensely likeable, with a great deal of heart. Scola's clearly in love with film as 'a collective ceremony and . . . so much more beautiful,' and, with clips from Fellini, Truffaut, Capra, Lang, Bergman and others, *Splendor* is a real homage to the cinema, to the tiny-town palaces that spread the glitter around – and to the mentality of the public who appreciated, then deserted them. When the audience file back to pay their last respects, they watch the film's own credits roll, and we're watching our epitaph.

Dealers, on the other hand, is *Wall Street* invaded by the Square Mile – the yuppiefilm genre goes British. Paul McGann and Rebecca DeMornay are your basically style-stuffed young dynamos in the trading game who are rivals for a hot position in their firm. He's the wound-up by-instinct maverick who commutes by sea plane to his Kent estate, with the next deal his emotional claim-to-gain. She's the cool American blonde in the Azzedine Alaia power suits – reluctant partners in turning around a £200 million boo-boo and you can predict the rest. He's so tuned into the buzz that even sex with his girlfriend is just exhaustive release.

Derrick O'Connor is the real surprise as McGann's boss who takes the fall for the millions mistake. He's the only one you care about, not one of the brightly-coloured types who play power games with video Monopoly money. The young couple are smug, she twitches her tail even when nobody's around, and, at the heart-stopping moment when the numbers on the board light up, will they ride up into the sunset on the seaplane, concocting deals to the sounds of choir music? You bet they do. Frightening. But you get polish and pace, and isn't that what it's all about anyway?

Inspired by a Scilly Isles legend 'apparently rooted in fact,' **When The Whales Came** tells of a curse on one of its little islands, Samson, regarding the narwhals, or tusked whales. The indomitable Paul Scofield stars as the Birdman, an elderly hermit who is befriended by two children. Co-stars Helen Mirren and David Suchet lift the film out of the Disney realm, as does the superb photography which does the landscape proud. Director Clive Rees stumbles with his relationships, and his plot is unfocused, but as a simple little film of love and redemption, *When The Whales Came* is a treasure for kids, baby adults and perhaps the cynical.

The *To Sir With Love* theme is always a sure thing. Can't-miss formula. In *Good Morning Vietnam*, Robin Williams was sent in to improve the morale of the troops – not much different here. In **Dead Poets Society**, he still gets his lines (he is, after all, the Comedian, and it takes time to surmount that sort of thing.) The boys of the straight-laced Welton school in 1959 love him immediately. He's wise and witty and that's all we know about him. The school scions and parents are stodgy, stiff-necked and appalled at Williams' irreverent techniques in teaching his tribe to think for themselves. That's all we know about *them*.

The boys who carry on the tradition of reading poetry in a Boys-Own type cave are well drawn: the sensitive shy one, the Romeo, the gawky mean-well, the brain, the stick-up-the-ass. But even if they're scripted too good to be true, they're appealing to watch, and there are some terrific performances. Fortunately, the director hasn't made the mistake of giving more screen time to star Williams; the boys have the bulk of the tale. Meanwhile, when you get past Williams' being Williams, you notice that he can act.

With all the fine talent, you still might be forgiven for feeling cheated at screwed-up opportunities: When one boy, cowed by his Army-type dad into dropping out of a play he dearly loves, the scene when he finally tells the old man off isn't even shown. And the idea of making Williams' teacher the scapegoat for the lad's suicide, and the signing of the damning statement by his class followers is too convenient a way out – again, a lot has been skipped. But there are some good laughs in *Dead Poets' Society*, and a few reminders of special times when you once thought – well, when Williams tells his boys, 'Make your lives extraordinary' – didn't you ever think that, just once?

Sara-Jane Lee

Movie
Of The Month

The Venice prize-winning **Legend of the Holy Drinker** is one of those small fables which work their magic rather quietly. Rutger Hauer (*Blade Runner, Escape From Sobibor*) gives a fine performance. He speaks little, but with a real subtlety not seen before; he acts the stars out of everyone this summer. He plays Andreas, an ex-miner jailed for an accidental murder, now living as a down-and-out under the Seine bridge.

When a mysterious gentleman (Anthony Quayle) gives him 200 francs, it's with the proviso that Andreas returns it to a statue of St. Theresa in a nearby church. Each time the money is spent, it somehow reappears, as do little unexpected joys: a 2-day job, transformed past friends . . . one is the woman whose husband he killed, now a sophisticated beauty, another a now famous boxer who treats him to a stay at an expensive hotel.

Each time Andreas attempts to return the money, something interferes . . . Everything's understated, and Paris has never been photographed so well. The pace is relaxed, but, then, this isn't a slam-bam Ameri-commodity fresh out of the Hollywood machine. This one you can't categorise, but *Legend of the Holy Drinker* is a delicate thing, unmissable.

Sara-Jane Lee

Video
Of The Month

What is there left to say about ***A Fish Called Wanda*** *(MGM/UA)* apart from the fact that it's now out on video? About another 180 words, I suppose, or the Editor will fire me.

A four-person gang rips off a stack of diamonds in an armed robbery in Hatton Garden. Leader George doesn't trust all of his team, least of all girlfriend Wanda's ramboesque brother Otto. And quite right too — because Otto isn't Wanda's brother, but her secret lover, and the pair anonymously turn George in to keep the loot for themselves. But cunning George has moved the sparklers from their hiding place and stashed them elsewhere.

Stammering fourth member Ken tries all manner of ruses to arrange an 'accident' for the cantankerous old lady who can identify George in court. Wanda, meanwhile, seduces George's staid English barrister, Archie, in the hope of extracting from him the location of the diamonds.

After the rather faltering experiment of *Clockwise*, John Cleese has succeeded in what everyone hoped from him — a script as tight as *Fawlty Towers* stretched to 109 minutes without in any sense straining himself. Enormous credit must go to director Charles Crichton, who can be as proud of his taut handling here as he undoubtedly was of *The Lavender Hill Mob*.

Cleese, Jamie Lee Curtis and Kevin Kline are excellent as Leach, nymphomaniac Wanda and loony Otto; Michael Palin is a veritable feast as Ken, and the supporting cast uniformly fine too. Brilliant stuff — not to be missed. You can also win yourself a copy of this marvellous video — enter our competition on page 58.

Martyn Lester

Videos

Detectives Sykes and Francisco are plain-clothes partners. One is quiet, well intentioned, determined to play it by the book; the other is loud, street-mean, subtle as a kick in the groin and grimly determined to nail his ex-partner's killers at all costs.

It all sounds rather familiar territory, doesn't it? A couple of ill-matched cops thrown together by fate; the quiet one grating on the tough one's nerves etc. etc. There is one not-so-small difference in the present case however – one of the two policemen isn't human.

Alien Nation (*CBS/Fox*) is built on the premise that if a ship load of extra-terrestrial refugees arrived on U.S. soil, they would eventually be assimilated in the same way that past generations of poor and dispossessed have set up shop in the New World. In this case it's a space ship, and the needy are a cargo of slaves specially bred for hard labour.

Officially known as Newcomers, the aliens are colloquially 'slags', living in a ghetto predictably called Slagtown. Equally predictably they have their share of criminal types too, a couple of whom sling an armour-piercing slug through Matthew Sykes' long-time pal and partner, Mallet. Sykes is barred under departmental rules from following the investigation himself, but when he realises that an alien cop suspects the case is linked to another he knows of, and when the alien renamed (Sam Francisco by the immigration department) needs a partner, Sykes steps forward.

Not that he finds it any easier to work with a Slag than any of his colleagues – as he candidly tells a Newcomer at one point 'Don't take it personally – I'm a bigot.' But despite Sykes' irritation at his new partner's diet of raw beaver and his capacity for getting pissed on rancid milk, the two cooperate on finding the alien executioners in their respective tough and meek styles.

The chemistry of the partnership switches, though, when Francisco realises they have stumbled onto an alien drug gang producing a narcotic that would mean physical and social disaster for his species. Suddenly there are two pumped-up mean machines on the team . . .

Despite a great deal of derivative thought in the plot (vague shades of *The Odd Couple, Blade Runner* and innumerable cop-buddy and racial bigotry features), it's an idea that comes off pretty well, not least for equally good lead performances. If a little thin on action for a cop thriller, it certainly makes up for it in some creasingly funny dialogue. James Caan and Mandy Patinkin play the human and alien cops respectively, while Terence Stamp chips in with a smooth extra-terrestrial villian. Good stuff.

If you thought 'a pair of irons' was a phrase used in *Minder* to describe two gentlemen holding hands, you could radically change your perspective by watching *CBS/Fox's* other major title for late September, **Dead Ringers**.

Jeremy Irons is the linguistic connection, and the double helping arises because he plays twin brothers in this disturbing David Cronenberg video which will certainly feature in the nominations for 1989's weirdest releases.

Beverly and Elliot Mantle (half the cast seem to pronounce it 'mental') are identical twins who, at the

age of about seven, are already showing a precocious interest in human reproduction. This does not, however, take the sort of 'I'll show you mine if you show me yours' attitude one might expect of the young. Where other kids are messing around with train sets, Beverly and Elliot play 'doctors and doctors', performing mock intra-ovarian surgery on a human anatomy doll. Freaky!

At medical school the lads win an award for inventing a new surgical device, and they go on to set up a posh gynaecology practice, still sharing an apartment as home. Bev, the slightly shy one, does all of the research while more extrovert Elliot handles the PR and basks in the plaudits – or as a very pissed Beverly tells a shocked industry dinner gathering "I slave over all the hot snatches and Elliot makes the speeches."

Despite differing temperaments, the two men look like peas in a pod and are entirely capable of impersonating each others' mannerisms. They cover for each other regularly, not least in the neat trick of Elliot pulling women and then he and Bev taking turns at humping them while pretending to be the same bloke.

It is under these circumstances that Claire Niveau enters the picture. A highly attractive (it's Genevieve Bujold) actress patient, she is quickly pounced upon by the bonking brothers as a collector's item – a woman with a triple cervix. But the fun backfires when Ms. Niveau realises that she has been bedding down with two chaps, not one, and angrily ditches the pair.

Elliot takes this with flippant equanimity, but Bev is hearbroken. Gradually an inevitably fatal emotional triangle builds up. Bev is able to find reconciliation with the woman he loves, but partial estrangement from his twin sets him to popping some of the starlet's pills, then laying into the clinic's drug cabinet, initially to enjoy a dreamfree sleep. But Bev's nightmares, in which he and Elliot have become Siamese twins, hold more than a grain of metaphorical truth – the pair are effectively incapable of leading a unique existence.

Shut out of his brother's affair, Elliot seeks to re-establish a common wavelength by trying to synchronise drug-taking habits; Bev, on the other hand, is drifting into a nightmare spiral of mental instability, and believes that all his patients are turning into mutants and seeks more 'radical' remedies to his problems.

Dead Ringers is a film which should be approached with an open mind. Go in expecting a 'standard' Cronenberg horror (or, indeed, a *Brideshead Revisited* from Irons) and you will have problems. Take the film as it comes – one in which tension and vague anticipation build as in, say, *Blood Simple* – and you will find the experience exhausting but incredibly rewarding. How Jeremy Irons' tour de force as the subtly different twins failed to gain him an Oscar nomination will remain one of Hollywood's unexplained mysteries.

Medusa Communications taps an interesting vein this month with the Italian-produced thriller **Fair Game.**

Trudi Styler (wife of the musician/actor Sting) stars

as Eva, an ostensibly weak-minded young woman who has broken away from her overbearing businessman hot-shot boyfriend Gene in order to find a real identity for herself. None of this is to Gene's liking. He is one of those obsessively possessive types who thinks that if he can't own something, no-one else should.

Gene takes this idea to extremes. He doesn't even want Eva to own herself. The idea of the bimbette he used to have draped on him at parties becoming an individual in her own right is quite unnacceptable to him, and the 'logical' conculsion is that Eva must cease to exist.

The long and short of the plot is that crazy Gene buys himself a black mamba and shoots it full of hormones so that it is over-producing poison and will be driven into a frenzy of finding something to bite within 60 minutes or dying of self-toxication. Electronically tagging the snake and his ex-paramour, Gene secretes the mamba in Eva's apartment, locks her in, disables the phone and sits in his car watching their movements around the premises on a computer monitor. He's set the whole thing up as a video game, and he's backing the snake to win.

For the first 25 minutes or so Ms. Styler thoughtfully wanders around her pad clad only in knickers and T-shirt, but when she plays back a video message she has just recorded she sees guess what in the background poised . . . here begins 35 minutes of 'real time' filmed panic.

Despite the virtual one-location set-up and short cast list (four if you include the snake), *Fair Game* works well. Director Mario Orfini has calculated the maximum running time of the 'girl trapped in flat with snake' scenario to perfection, the snake's 'point-of-view' shots are mixed in nicely, and there are several nervously funny breaks in the tension – one beaut is where the mamba goes to strike as Eva is climbing into the bath and she unwittingly throws her knickers onto its head.

Gregg Henry is a suitably chilling Gene; co-producer Giorgio Moroder supplies the soundtrack.

As usual, only *CBS/Fox* have firm schedules for sell-through at the time of writing, but a fine little package that one is. September 28 promises *The Fly* (plus the original version and *The Return of The Fly*), *Betty Blue, Subway, Dance With A Stranger, When The Wind Blows* and *The Supergrass,* plus four Bette Davis titles. All retail at £9.99 – can't ask fairer than that.

Martyn Lester

Records

Judie Tzuke's sudden arrival on the late 70s scene with "Stay Till Dawn" (a ballad of such intensity that it reduced an entire generation of. college and university students to a state of desperate lust) was matched only by the suddenness with which she failed to become a major selling super-star; none of her successive disks made startling impacts on the charts. Ten years on sees the release of another LP **Turning Stones** *(Polydor).* It's a convincing set of songs

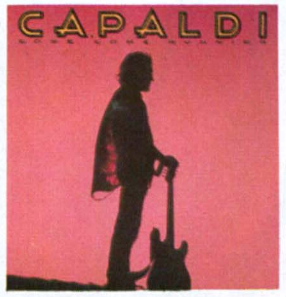
full of emotion and poetry. Production is immaculate and the latest musical technology is subtly deployed to great effect.

The name Cowboy Junkies ought to conjure up something pretty perverse and low-life, at least that's what I anticipated when I first came across it – but then again I go for that sort of stuff, twisted, corrupt soul that I am. However, their **Trinity Sessions** *(Cooking Vinyl)* is nothing like I expected. It's even better than low life, it's the stuff of transcendence. It's a quiet folk/country/blues affair where Margo Timmins' beautiful voice, rich in understatement, goes straight to the pleasure receptors in your brain and sets your soul on fire.

Three piece band 2 Lost Sons, a tight riffing outfit with some decent hooks and melody lines, have a foot in both indie and commerical camps. They stand every chance of success in each. Earlier this year they released thjeir first record **808 Fever** *(Flicknife).* It's an impressive showcase. Live track "Second Best" is vibrant and just as strong as the studio recorded numbers, it suggests that a visit to one of their gigs would be a good idea.

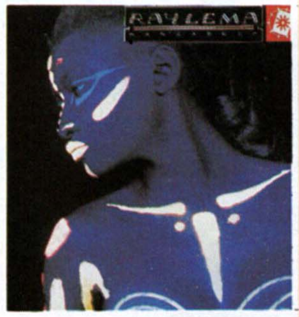
Music of a very different kind from John Holt with **Why Do I Care?** – another fine reggae album on the *Greensleeves* label. Thoughtful lyrics, admirable sentiments. The world would be a better place if everyone was into reggae and got off on the harmonious living gig. There's something about reggae which lends it superbly to sensible and humanitarian themes. It must be something to do with the simple directness of tracks like "Why I Care" and "Don't Prepare For War", either that or it's something to do with the fact that I invariably tend to be drinking large amounts of well chilled lager whenever I put a reggae album on the turntable. No, it's not the lager, must be the music. Try it for yourself.

Jim Capaldi played drums with Traffic from their formation in 1967 through to their break-up in 1974 when he, like Steve Winwood, went on to pursue a solo career. His latest offering, after a few year's break, **Some Come Running** *(Island)* is strong on all fronts – there's support from Winwood, George Harrison, Eric Clapton and Mick Ralphs (one time member of Mott The Hoople and Bad Company). Capaldi handles vocals as well as he does percussion, his voice is strong, clear and full of character. And his strong writing skills have not diminished since those Traffic days. Polished is the word that immediately springs to mind as a



description of the seamless crafting that's gone into the production of this record. It's laid-back, sophisticated, adult rock of impeccable pedigree.

Ray Lema was educated in a seminary, trained as a classical pianist and later worked as musical director of the National Ballet of Zaire. However, the traditional music of Zaire is only one of the many influences at work on **Nangadeef** *(Mango).* There's also R&B,



jazz, soul, rock, reggae – world music (the preferred term seems to be pan-global) with a vengeance. The LP's title means 'hello' in the Senegalese language, Wolof. And according to the blurb Lema 'wants his music to rise above land-locked prose, to express itself directly, playfully, to as many people as possible: to say "hello" in every language simultaneously.' A tall order, but one which he carries off.

Cajun, according to my dictionary, refers to descendants of French speaking Acadians deported to Louisiana in the eighteenth century and the lingo deriving therefrom. That Louisiana influence comes through (in the English language) on Wayne Toups & Zydecajuns' **Blast From The Bayou** (Mercury) a blend of various country-tinged styles featuring accordion and organ as well as guitar, bass and drums. The band are always together and deal out their songs with an admirably high toe-tapping, bounce rating.

Andy Oldfield

Maria McKee was the voice that turned Lone Justice from a run-of-the-mill country rock band into something special. They suffered premature burn-out three years ago – and little has been heard of Maria since. Her debut album **Maria McKee** *(Geffen)* has been worth every second of the wait, however, for it is nothing less than brilliant. She sounds a little like Emmylou Harris, a little like Patsy Cline, with the emotional strength of Van Morrison in one of his inspired moods. The music is hard to categorise – country, blues – whatever, it sounds great! Maria handles most of the songwriting, with just a little help from Robbie Robertson; there's just one cover version: Richard & Linda Thompson's 17 year-old "Has He Got A Friend For Me?" which closes the LP in reflective style. The opener "I've Forgotten What It Was In You (That Put The Need In Me)" also stands out from the rest of this consistently excellent debut.

Just to lower the tone a lot and change the subject completely, we move on to **4-2-4** *(EL)* – which saw the light of day towards the end of the last football season and became a 'benefit album' for the Hillsborough disaster fund. You cannot, surely, have forgotten such 'classic' football songs as Spurs' "Nice One Cyril" and "Back Home" by the 1970 England World Cup Squad? Yes, they're here, along with other, even more unlistenable, team sing-a-longs such as West Ham's 1975 "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles"; "The Canaries" by Norwich City; "Good Old Arsenal" by the Gunners' 1971 double squad; "We Are Wimbledon"; and "We Are The Owls", in which the Sheffield Wednesday players completely destroy what sounds like a promising blues number as soon as they open their gobs. Two obscure football songs by 'real' singers – "Belfast Boy", Don Fardon's tribute to George Best; and the quaint "Going Back To Derby" by Rocking Johnny Austin – stand out like a ball player at Plough Lane . . . Still, it's great fun and it's for a good cause!

Rupert Metcalf

4-2-4
FOUR-TWO-FOUR

Record Of The Month

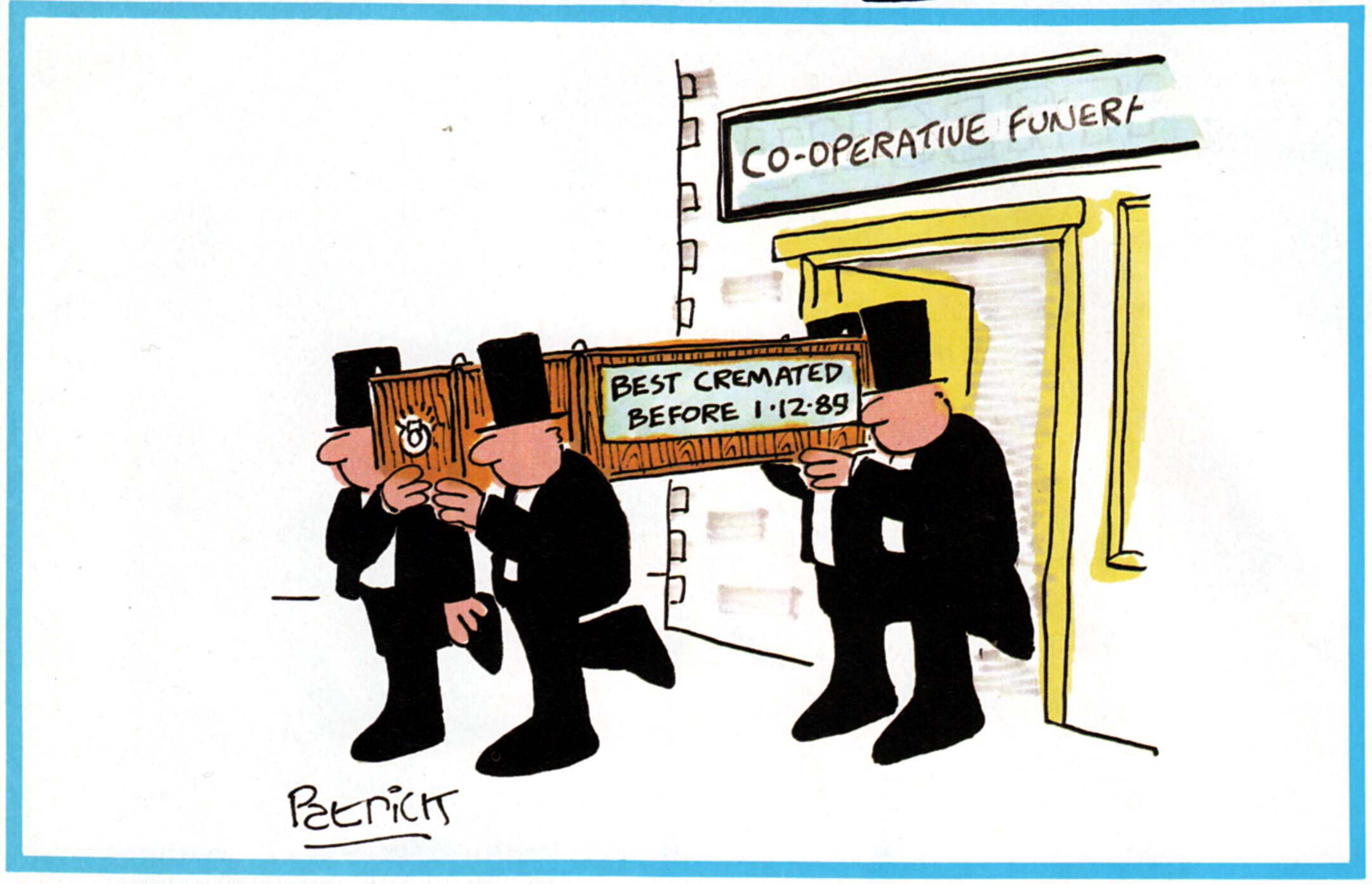
tin machine

Take Hunt and Tony Sales — the rhythm unit from Iggy Pop's *Lust For Life*, season with guitarist Reeves Gabrels, top with David Bowie and you end up with powerhouse unit Tin Machine, the members of which are at pains to point out that they're not merely Bowie's latest band, they're a group of friends producing music together. 'The unity of the four individual ideas produced our music,' intones the main man.

Their first album Tin Machine *(EMI USA)* is a raucous, energetic affair which evokes Bowie circa his out-heavying the heaviest with *Man Who Sold The World.* I almost thought I could hear a few Mick Ronson licks in there! The sound is deliberately raw in an attempt to recreate the band's live sound. From the footage I've seen of them in rehearsals, they've managed to accomplish that okay. But is it any good? Well, it's come in for a lot of critical stick. But Bowie must be getting used to that these days. For my money, it's his most encouraging album since *Ashes To Ashes.* And while it doesn't all gel on first hearing — especially his extraordinary cover of Lennon's "Working Class Hero" (which to be fair is a much better cover than the embarrassing attempt at "Across The Universe" back on *Young Americans*) — however, repeat playings give ample reward.

Andy Oldfield

LAUGH WITH Patrick



Net Yourself A Fish Called Wanda!

VIDEO COMPETITION

MGM/UA Home Video has just released the acclaimed British comedy, *A Fish Called Wanda*, and Knave is pleased to be able to offer no less than ten copies of this multiple award-winner in another of our easy-to-enter competitions.

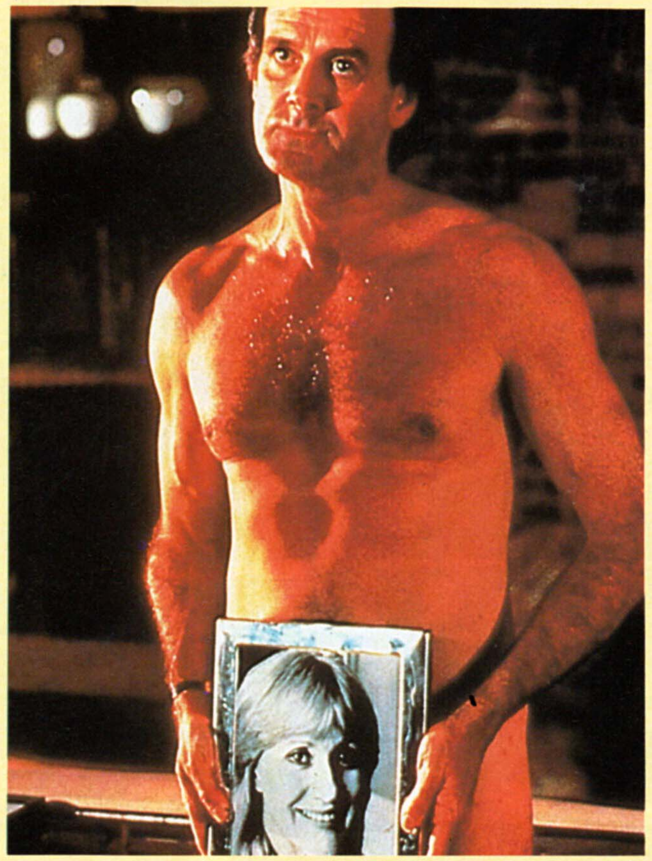
The video stars its writer, John Cleese, plus Jamie Lee Curtis, Michael Palin and Kevin Kline, who won a Best Supporting Actor Oscar for his portrayal of the insanely jealous Otto. For a full review of the film, turn to our Viewfinder column.

To win yourself a copy of this critically lauded video, just answer the following questions. Send your entries to: Wanda Competition, Knave, PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ. The closing date is Friday November 3, 1989; and the Editor's decision (however pissed he might be) is final.

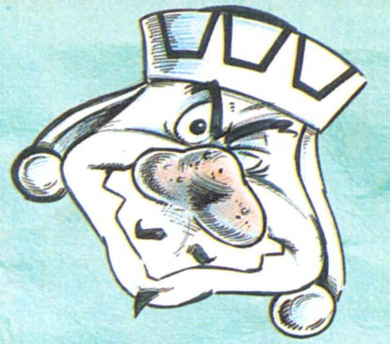
1. *A FISH CALLED WANDA'S* DIRECTOR, CHARLES CRICHTON, ALSO DIRECTED:
a) Westworld
b) The Titfield Thunderbolt
c) The Admirable Crichton

2. JAMIE LEE CURTIS IS THE DAUGHTER OF:
a) Christopher Lee
b) Bruce Lee
c) Janet Leigh

3. JOHN CLEESE PLAYED ROBIN IN WHICH MICHAEL PALIN WRITTEN FILM?
a) Brazil
b) Time Bandits
c) A Private Function



WHAT'S Your Problem?



We want you to air yours. Problems, that is. At absolutely no expense, we've hired one the the best Agony Aunts in the business, BETTE NOIRE. So, if your penis is developing a strange fungi unkown to horticulture, and your labia hang down to your ankles, then you're a very well hung man with a vagina, and obviously need the help of our problem lady. But please, genuine problems only, to: What's Your Problem?, Knave, P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex, CM8 3SZ.

Q: Quick question: Can an enlarged prostate make you ejaculate too soon? — J.K., Southfields.

A: Quick answer: it could if it has become inflamed. Pop round to your doctor.

Q: Whenever the lady I'm seeing has an orgasm, she screams — and it's usually right in my ear! I love her sponteneity, but I'm going deaf. I've gently asked her to calm down, but although she tries, she says it spoils things for her, having to stop in the middle of things to remember to be quiet. Any advice? — J.C., Essex.

A: I can see her point, but you're not suggesting she clam up, just that she decrease the decibels! If that's not possible, she can either yell into a well-placed pilow or muffle it against your body (depending on where her and your bodies are situated, that is.) Try other positions, like rear-entry, either with you on top, or side by side, so she can stifle things in the sheets. Wear earplugs. Cover her mouth with a hot kiss. If all else fails, turn the tables — that should do it!

Q: Can you give me some good advice on adopting the position best for me, I think, to get the kind of climax I want? My husband wants me to sit on his face, and I'd like to — but without smothering him. — S.C., Hastings.

A: Nothing easier, easy rider. Think about your beloved's face like a saddle. (You think I'm kidding?) Go for a continuous, easy rocking rhythm — experiment until you click into the one that suits you for the amount of contact you want with his tongue and lips. Adjust the pace — speed up or slow down as things heat up. Discover which is better — his moving more or *your* moving more. Do you respond to wide forward-and-backward movements, or small ones? Facing his feet or his head? Oh, and don't pin his ears and hair back with your knees — that's stopped things plenty of times! Supporting your weight on your arms and thighs is also less tiring. Heigh-ho!

Q: I wonder if I'm just being insensitive, although I try not to be! I can't tell physically if my boyfriend has come or not! (I can if he makes noises, but he doesn't always.) — L.F., Sidcup.

A: Well, if you take into account that only the first third of your vagina has a good supply of nerve endings, perhaps you won't be so hard on yourself, dearie. Despite what the Victorian novels say, it's not common for a woman to feel a man actually "spend" (don't you love the connection between lust and money?) inside her. Pay attention to other signals, like a change in his rhythms; both of his moving and thrusting, and in his breathing patterns. You can also feel it in his muscles — sounds like you have to get more familiar with your lover's body. Get to know the tension he has in his arms, his back, chest, wherever, when he begins his thrusting, when he comes, when he relaxes. It's exciting stuff, really, and it also helps him climax better when you can time your response, and what movements increase his feeling, just at the right time. Ah! Very satisfying!

Q: My wife and I have a very good relationship, which we're proud of, after years of marriage. However, we haven't made love for several weeks, maybe three, three and a half. I hadn't really considered it, didn't even think about it, but she had, and let me know it! I think she was a little hurt, although she didn't say anything. Did I really do anything wrong? — W.J., Dunstable.

A: There's nothing wrong with taking a break, for heaven's sake, as long as it isn't a symptom of anything amiss between you — which you say it isn't. There are ups and downs in desire, and you both have cycles. I'm curious why she apparently didn't initiate anything with you, if she felt so inclined. Two way street, and all that. Sounds perfectly normal as far as I'm concerned, but you might want to reassure her and let her know there's nothing wrong between you. Is there? Maybe she's not talking. Have a heart-to-heart.

Q: Something happened to me a few months ago that has meant I'm afraid to have sex, but I can't tell anyone about it, for fear they either won't believe me, or else think something's wrong, although I'm perfectly healthy. I went out with this man, and one night we had sex. It was terrific, the best I've ever had, but I passed out when I got excited. It's never happened before, but I'm afraid it will again. What'll I do? — F.G., Dublin.

A: For the moment, nothing. A lot happens to your body when you have an orgasm — sounds like yours was extra-special. Your pelvis fills with blood — the vagina, uterus, everything swells with it down there, to make things simple. Orgasm flushes it all out, which can be dizzying, occasionally leading to a fainting spell. Your body just went happily haywire, that's all. Go enjoy yourself, pet, and if it happens, it happens. The only thing to look out for is if it continually happens with every fellow you orgasm with. You don't say how old you are, but if you've been having sex for quite a while and this *never* happened, you might seek the reassurance of your GP (or someone at a nearby sex clinic.) But it sounds like this guy brought out the best in you — if you didn't miss all the fireworks!

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Holed In One

No woman likes to play second fiddle to her husband's favourite sport or hobby. Surely I am correct in making that statement. In my case the rival interest is golf.

My name, incidentally, is Debbie — I'm 26 and a natural blonde and, dare I say it, quite pretty with a good figure. Andy is my husband and he is four years older than me. He's a Scot and, let's face it, they are all bloody daft on golf up there. Hell even our honeymoon in Marbella was timed to coincide with some big tournament out there. Long before the fortnight was up I was sick to the back teeth over "Sevvy this" and "Bernhard that".

To be honest though, the first two or three years of married bliss wasn't really too bad. We did have good regular sex together and it was fun. The rot set in when Andy was made captain of his local club and it became an endless cycle of long weekends up at St. Andrews and Carnoustie and bloody Lytham St. Annes — I could have been unfaithful to him scores of times from Troon to Truro with guys whose sole interest was emptying their two balls into me when Andy was concentrating on hitting his single ball down some damned fairway.

But the final straw was nearer at home — those Friday, Saturdays, and Sundays! And especially those long sessions when he came home around midnight as pissed as hell after a post-golf drink! I soon knew what is meant by the expression "brewer's droop".

> "His cock was free from its pouch and he was pressing it deep into my mouth."

Then, early in the year, we had a lovely surprise — "Ernie" came up trumps with ten thousand lovely pounds. Even his beloved golf took a back seat for a few weeks as we planned what to do with our windfall. In the end we compromised. We would go to America for a month — the first two weeks we would do what I wanted to do and tour the National Parks and the final fortnight we'd go down to the Florida region for the golf.

I should have known better — after only two days I was doing the touring on my own while Andy spent his days on the most convenient local golf course. The frustrations just kept on building up and up — I wanted to get fucked and if my husband wasn't going to do the screwing ... well, any woman who has been to the States will tell you that there is no shortage of superstuds out there. But even then it wasn't till we got to Florida that it happened.

> "His balls were slapping my chin, he jetted his come down my throat."

I won't mention the hotel by name, except to say that it was one of Miami's best. On our second day there I made my final concession and I went golfing with Andy. It was a fiasco right from the start. And yet that day was the start of all that was to follow. I was driving (attempting to drive is nearer the truth) at one of the tees when something just "went" in my back and that was golf over for the day. I rested up for the following day but the pain wasn't easing much and Andy suggested seeing a specialist. When he contacted the front desk about osteopaths it was their proposal I see one of the hotel's masseurs or masseuses first.

The next morning my backache had cleared almost completely but Andy said that I should still keep the appointment. I agreed and off he went for his first round of the day. Half an hour later I was opening the door to Dale.

Just one glance was enough. He was a tall, bronzed, gorgeous Adonis, fair haired with gleaming white teeth. Too handsome really with a wonderful smile. Everything about him was immaculate. He was all in white — singlet, slacks, sandals and socks. And those muscles, oh boy oh boy. But he was vain and it took me only seconds to realize that. He started flexing and preening and rippling those muscles and sinews for my benefit.

"Hi there," was his smiling greeting. He thrust out his hand and as I took it he went on: "and you must be Mrs Duncan all the way from lil 'ol England." I doubt if it took me more than a couple of minutes to realize that I had a decision to make. This session with Dale could be one of massage or one of seduction. I wish all decisions were so easily made — right from the start my heart and my pussy were telling me what to do.

Dale started off by spreading a huge towel across one side of the bed after first pulling back sheets etc. down to the bare matress. "Now Mrs Duncan," he drawled, "Ah'll turn my back on you — you strip down to bra and panties or you can

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> **"Its bulbous head was wet with my cunt juice and his sperm."**

go-all naked — it'd be better that way, though." So that was what I did and a a minute later there I was stark naked, lying face down on the towel.

"That's just swell Mrs Duncan - jus' swell ..." a pause and then he continued "Now, Mrs Duncan, this can be warm work for me. Ah prefer getting down to ma under-shorts but if you wanna then ah'll keep my slacks on — its up to you Mrs Duncan." His eyes were moving up and down my legs and back as he was speaking.

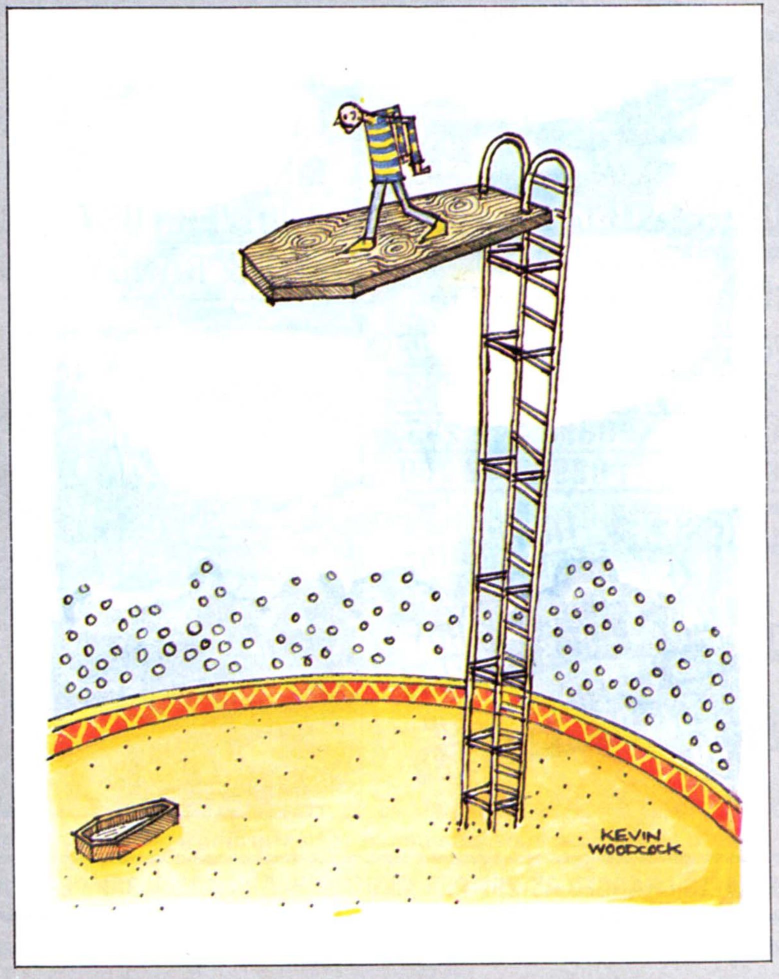
My head was resting on my folded arms. I remember licking my lips with my tongue before I answered, my voice trembling "I ... I don't mind Dale. Take off what you want to take off." Off came his sandals and socks and he was peeling off his singlet and emphasising his chest and shoulder muscles in the process. But the shock came when he dropped his slacks and I could only gasp loudly when I saw just how minimal his under-shorts were. It was what I think is called a thong or a posing pouch. What is more it was of a netted material and his cock and balls were totally displayed. Inside its net covering his cock was like a large coiled snake wrapped round equally large and impressive balls. Dale had obviously heard my gasp and immediately he was posing again by pulling in his stomach and inflating his chest and that of course only served to make his cock even more obvious. He drawled "Okay Mrs Duncan shall we get started?"

My "Yes... yes... Dale," was just a whimper as he walked up to the bed. I stared at his cock and balls as they bounced in his pouch.

His hands moved up and down my back and his touch was heavenly — gentle and oh so soothing.

He was saying "You have a great shape Mrs Duncan — just great - lotsa our American ladies carry too much fat — especially round hereabouts." And once again I was sighing my pleasure as those fingers edged closer and closer to one of my breasts. The other hand was on my buttocks and moving down till it was barely an inch from my cunt. I felt my entire body tensing and then the fingers moved away again and I relaxed and closed my eyes and at the same time I moved slightly and I knew that my breast furthest away from him was now almost totally exposed. I felt something nudging my shoulder — it moved up and down — it felt hot and my heart was pounding as I realized that it was his cock. The pressure moved away but as it did so then his fingers were on the move once more.

For the briefest of moments he held my boob in his palm and as it fell away one finger trailed across my nipple and it went rigid in an instant. His other hand was back on my bum again, it moved down and he was stroking each thigh with exquisitely sensitive fingertips and I found that I was tensing up again. For a second time there was that bulge pressing on my neck and shoulders and once more I was moaning as my breast was cupped. At the same time there was that featherlike touch of a finger on my pussy. The finger moved down my cunt lips and then just as lightly and slowly up again. My nerves were screaming and almost involuntarily I knew that



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I was moving my thighs apart. Then I opened my eyes.

His crotch was just an inch away from my eyes and my mouth, but what brought the moan to my lips and the glaze to my eyes was the realization that he was starting to erect. He was perhaps semi-hard and I just stared fascinated and mesmerized as I watched his cock moving in its net. Already one large and heavily swollen ball was out and dangling down his left thigh. His bludgeoning knob was pushing his thong further and further away from his belly. And that was when a lot of things all seemed to happed together.

"His mouth came down to clitty and his tongue eased its way between my cunt lips.

I still think it was me who made the initial move. The tip of his cockhead was just an inch from my lips; with a little sob I stuck my tongue out and then that gorgeous knob end was between my lips. At the same time, I moved my arm from under my head and I was grasping the base of his cock in my hand. In one instant it went rock hard under my fingers. There was a flash of his hand and his cock was free from its pouch and he was pressing it deep into my mouth. One second later and I was in heaven as he dug his middle finger deep into my cunt. I just sucked and sucked on his cock. It was incredibly beautiful. His knob felt huge and was totally free of his foreskin *(? — Ed.)* and, in no time at all its tip was at the top of my throat.

By now I had no control of my feelings or my actions. My hand still encircled the base of his shaft and his finger was up to its knuckle in my cunt. My lips teased his cock all along its top and also its underside. He grabbed my head with his other hand but never stopped frigging me with that wonderful finger. He was fucking my mouth and throat now and I was near to gagging. Deeper and deeper his cock went down my throat. Taking his balls in my palm I scraped them gently with my finger tips. He was moaning harsher now and his finger left my cunt and both hands were around my head and face.

I was later to measure his enormous glistening cock — he had a full nine inches - easily three inches more than any other man I'd experienced. Suddenly he was groaning and a moment later was shouting out his pleasure. His balls were slapping my chin and he was jetting his come down my throat.

For a long, long moment he was still but finally he pulled back from me. He was gasping for breath and seemed a little weak at the knees.

"I could feel his spunk moving in my belly and trickling out of my cunt and down my thighs."

He was still semi-hard and his cock was lying across my belly — its bulbous head was wet with my cunt juice and his own sperm. There was traces of my lipstick up and down its length. I felt so wonderfully snug and warm and relaxed in his arms and I just gave myself up to his kisses. My nipples were rock hard pebbles in his mouth.

I honestly thought he was going to fuck me there and then. Instead he started to kiss his way from my boobs down over my belly to my thighs. His mouth came down to clitty and his tongue eased its way between my cunt lips. I sank back and allowed myself to relax and soon all the tensions were leaving my body. It just got better and better and I knew I would soon be orgasming and I could feel it rising and rising. For a moment he took his mouth from my cunt — but before I could protest he was murmuring "You have the sweetest pussy Mrs Duncan — I wanna eat you forever." And then he went down on me again, and in seconds I was on my way.

I don't know how long it lasted — only a few minutes, I suppose. When I was whimpering out my joy — that's when he fucked me. He came over me with that gleaming tanned body. He took his weight on his right arm and pressed down to kiss me as with his left hand he gently eased his cock into my oozing cunt. It went in and in till all I could feel was cock. Once more his hands were under me as he started to really ram his length in and out of me. His cock felt very thick and very hard, but big as he was he was never brutal. I could hear the sqelching sound of his fucking and he was lowering his head to my breast and his mouth was at my nipple and I gave a low long drawn out moan and then I was coming. I felt him coming in me and as my own pent-up climax roared through me and I howled out my happiness I felt his spurts starting. It just jetted out of his cock.

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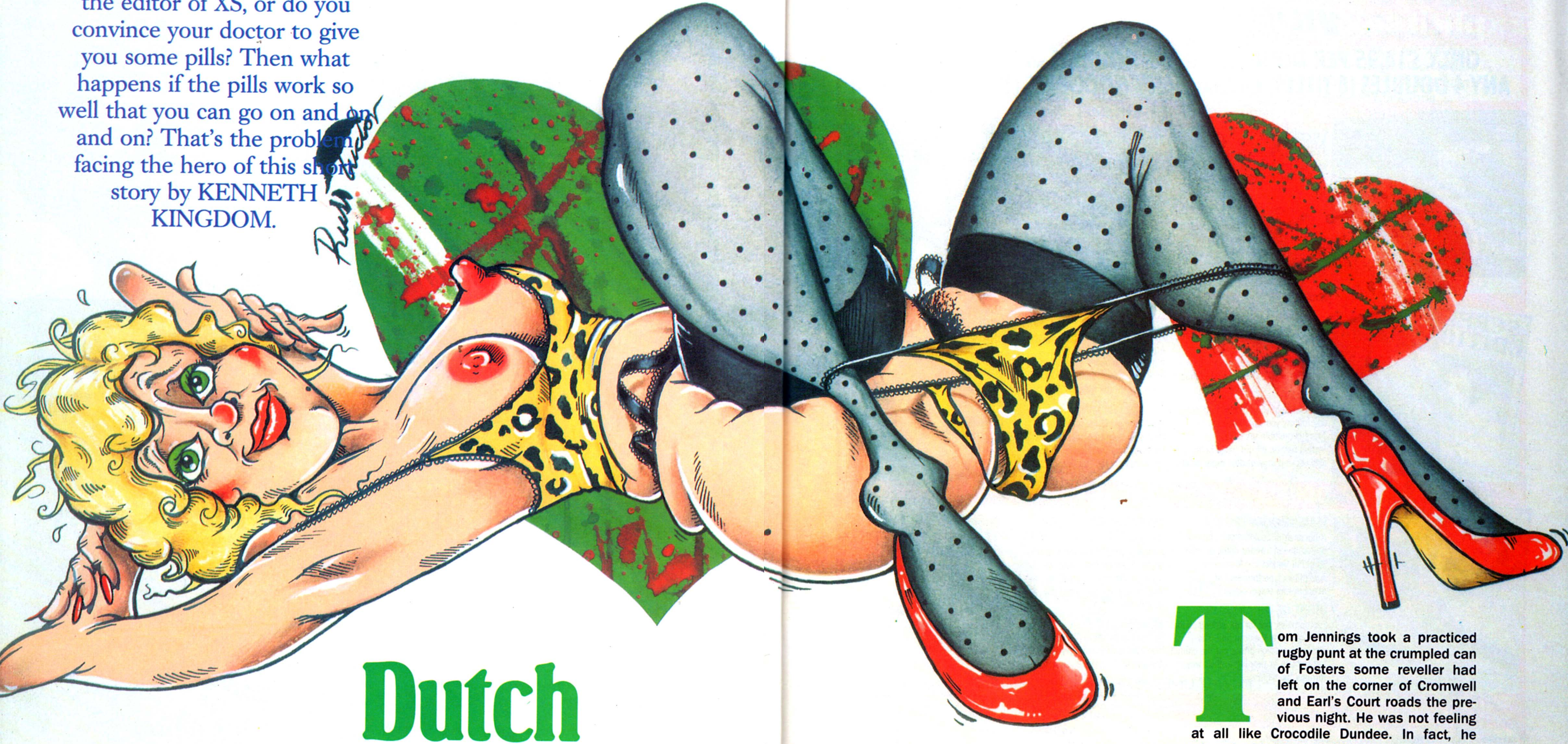
What happens if you suddenly can't get it up? Do you become the editor of XS, or do you convince your doctor to give you some pills? Then what happens if the pills work so well that you can go on and on and on? That's the problem facing the hero of this short story by KENNETH KINGDOM.



Dutch COURAGE

Tom Jennings took a practiced rugby punt at the crumpled can of Fosters some reveller had left on the corner of Cromwell and Earl's Court roads the previous night. He was not feeling at all like Crocodile Dundee. In fact, he winced with an unliveable inner embarrassment when he thought of that macho man, for Tom, at 35, had experienced the unthinkable the previous night. He could not get it up.

Rosemary, his long time love, was in town working at the Wimbledon fortnight. All the excuse and reason she needed to escape from her husband down on the Dorset coast.

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continued on page 77

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Dutch COURAGE

continued from page 75

little French restaurant, the illicitness of their assignation adding that extra soupçon of desire. Rosemary had rested her chin on his shoulder and whispered, as she bit his ear, "I want you," in that husky timbre that had him quivering with desire like a cocker spaniel.

At his flat they dispensed with ceremony and went straight into the bedroom, Rosemary instinctively turning her back to be unhooked, stepping with a high knee action straight out of her sexy black cocktail number, wearing a full matching underset of silk; seamed stockings, suspenders, and a tiny g-string.

Tom hardened with desire as she unhooked the g-string, keeping everything else on, and slid into bed slowly; deliberately provocative as always, letting him see all the goods in the shop window. Flesh met flesh as passion sparked and kindled. With mounting urgency Tom rolled on top. Rosemary, just as eagerly, spread her legs wide and her knees up, pushing her mound towards him.

The tip of his penis touched her clitoris, but there was no penetration. Instead, it turned as soft as a six week old cucumber.

Shame, confusion, disappointment, and a seething cold fury seized him. Rosemary, who adored Tom, was gentle and understanding. They tried again and again, and twice more the same thing happened. It was hopeless. In the end Tom tumbled off her, turned on his side, completely devastated, and lay awake the rest of the night with his pride scattered to the four winds.

Next morning, he rang the entryphone marked *"Doctor"* and Jim's receptionist admitted him. They were more than merely doctor and patient. They were good friends, so Tom pulled no punches. Jim listened, laughed gently, and said, "No problem. You need re-energising. You've got the mid-thirties syndrome. Too much work, too much stress. It happens to eight out of ten men of your age group and social background; the A1's, A2's, and B1's, so why should *you* be different?"

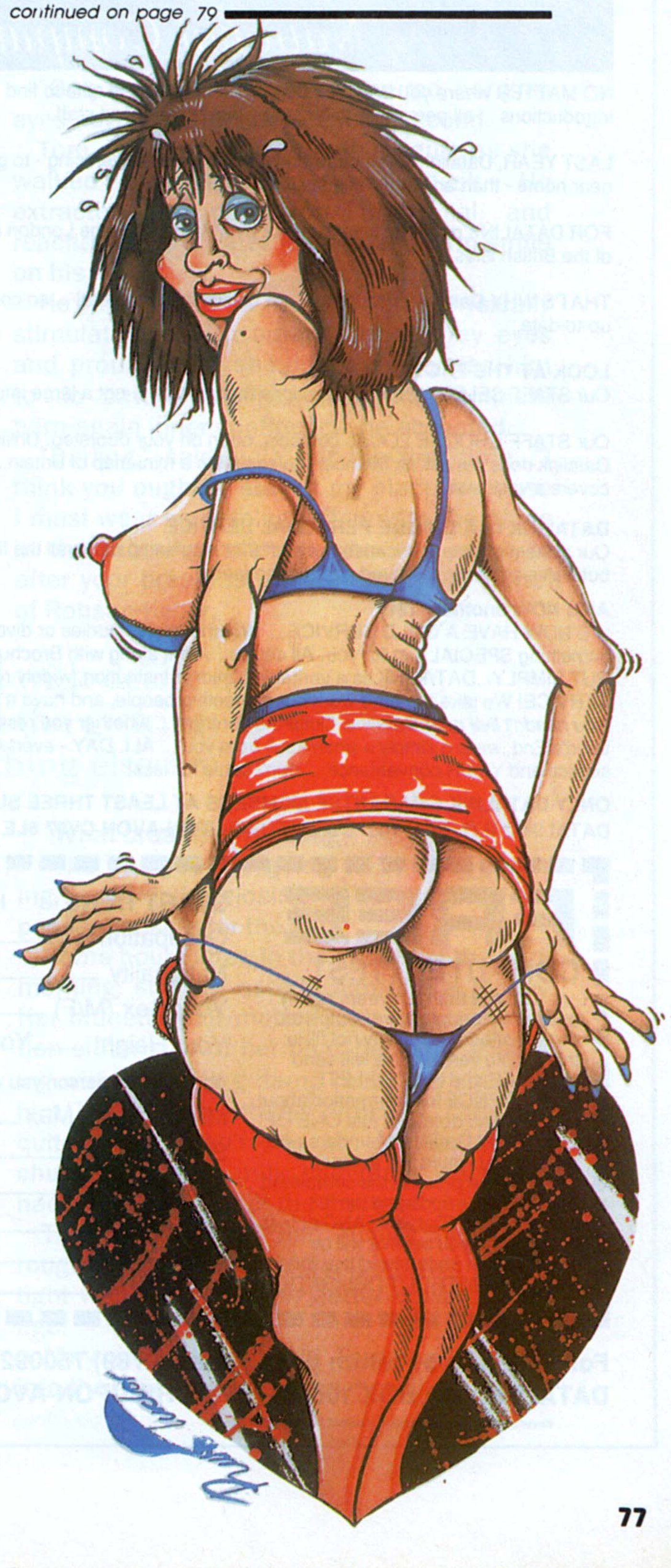
"But this is Rosemary we are talking about!" Tom hooted indignantly. You met her yourself at the rugger club. Even tried to pull her, as I remember. This is no scrubber picked up in The Hansom Cab at closing time!"

Jim shrugged, said nothing, and tossed a prescription across the desk. "Take these pills, Tom," he said in his quiet medical voice. "Two at lunchtime, and two later on when you are meeting a girl. You'll be OK."

Tom picked up the little plastic white phial from the chemist's which had some handwritten Latin doggerel above the 'Take As Prescribed' instructions, and rammed it deep into his jacket pocket, making a mental note to write 'Headache Pills' in large block letters on the label as well, so none of his flatmates would begin to ask awkward questions.

At work his mind was on Rosemary. A tall, natural honey blonde with blue eyes. 5 feet 10 inches of South Coast suntan with a showgirl's figure who wanted him as much as he wanted her.

continued on page 79



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Dutch COURAGE

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He sat at his desk humming and hahing, drumming his fingers on the tooled leather top, and flexing his palms on the blotting pad. The pills were burning a hole in his pocket. He picked up the telephone . . .

Tom was lucky, Rosemary answered. "You're taking a chance," she laughed. "James has only just popped out for a few minutes around the corner."

"I can't wait until Wimbledon next year. I need you now, Rosie," Tom blurted.

"Oh, stop being upset about the other night, darling. It was nothing. It sometimes happens to James; to all men. For God's sake don't let it prey on your mind and get everything out of proportion," she soothed.

But he persisted. "Couldn't you have a surprise job in town this week?"

"Well, not in town, but I am going to Oxfordshire for a seminar and staying the night at that lovely little thatched barn hotel we've been to before . . .

"Is that an invitation?"

"Well, if it's not I'll never make another!"

Tom sped happily along the M40 towards Oxford, the tablets in his left hand trouser pocket along with his house keys. He had taken two at lunchtime, and would bung a further brace down his gullet when he stopped for petrol. His hands were clammy with desire, he was so erect that his trousers cut into his crotch, and he had to squirm swiftly in the seat.

> "Tom hardened with desire as she unhooked the g-string, keeping everything else on."

Rosemary's Jag was just pulling in behind him when he got to the hotel. "Right, girl, let's check in and go upstairs to freshen up," he said, kissing her on the lips.

"Yes, *sir* !" said Rosemary, giggling.

Upstairs, under the central low beam by the four poster they faced each other and undressed. As they kissed standing up, completely naked, Tom suddenly realised the pills had worked. Rosemary sighed, and pushed that magnificent Amazon body of hers into him with an urgency he was to accommodate three times before drinks and dinner.

"Darling, that was wonderful. I have never been so completely made love to before *by anyone*," Rosemary exclaimed, shamelessly flinging her arms around him in the car park before they went their seperate ways the following morning.

Tom drove back to London as pleased as punch, patting the pills, and offering thanks.

"You're late!" exclaimed Julia, his new secretary. As tall and brunette as Rosemary was blonde. Not unlike her, actually. Tom had a yen for Julia, although he tried to tell himself he had hired her for all the best reasons.

"And you're asking for a good seeing to," he chipped back at her.

"I hope we are not boasting," she said, giving Tom a long, searching look.

"I never boast," he said, quietly. "Why don't we discuss the new Robson-Keller account over dinner?"

"Only if you insist," she murmured, her grey eyes never leaving his face for a second.

Tom surveyed her undulating figure as she walked towards her typing desk. He extracted two pills from the phial, and reached for the water jug with a cream smile on his face.

He found Julia as mentally and physically stimulating as Rosemary. Those grey eyes and proudly held shoulders challenged him to do battle. Smiling, and with complete born-again inner confidence, he accepted.

"Darling," said Julia, for the first time. "I think you ought to stay at my place, because I must wear something different to the office in the morning, whereas you can come in after your breakfast meeting with Mr. Hurrel of Robson-Keller."

"What breakfast meeting?"

"The one you are going to lie about, darling," said Julia, closing in across the front passenger seat for the kill.

Some hours later, in the middle of the early morning, she sat astride him like a jockey. Her brunette hair matted with physical exertion either side of her face, her body glistening with an inviting damp musk, as she held him inside her with no difficulty. "You are quite a bull, aren't you, Mr. Jennings." She chuckled in that milk chocolate voice that had interested him at the first interview.

Tom reached up and pulled her down roughly on top of him, clasping her bottom tight with his hands for better upward leverage.

"Any messages?" said Tom, as he came into the office the following morning.

continued on page 81

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Dutch COURAGE

continued from page 79

"Only Mrs Kempton — Rosemary . . . " Julia smiled wickedly. "But I told her she would have to wait her turn."

"Christ! What did she say?"

"She giggled, darling," said Julia huskily, deliberately crossing her legs slowly, and moving her chair to the side of his desk as her skirt ran high up her legs.

"Um . . . " said Tom, suddenly very hard and aware.

"Oh!" said Julia, putting her forefinger to mouth like a coquette. "Mr. Jennings, I am *so* sorry. Would you like to smooth it down for me, because my hands are full with my shorthand notebook . . . "

Tom locked the office door, switched the outside sign to *Meeting In Progress,* and took the skirt off altogether as Julia slipped out of her jacket and undid him.

The pills were magnificent. He had never had it so good, and you could put a ring around that. Good old Jim. Tom rang Jim and congratulated him on his diagnosis and treatment, Jim laughed his head off like a man demented, which was a bit strange.

"Hi!" said Sally from the executive dining room as they met at the door of the lift.

"You know, you are very much like that girl in *Emmerdale Farm,*" said Tom. "Kate, the blonde with laughter in her eyes and a great figure just like yours."

"Thanks," said Sally, her eyes shining.

"Care for a drink?"

"Thought you'd never ask!" she laughed, putting her shoulders back provocatively, her bubble blonde hair matching the cheeky curve of her waist and angle of her jaw, as she grinned at him with pure devilment.

They went to that smart restaurant-disco near South Ken. station. On the floor Sally shouted above the din, "Not trying to tire me out, are you?" and winked knowingly.

They left soon afterwards. Sally happily trotting on ahead to the door of his flat when he stopped the car.

Sally was very basic and earthy in bed when the laughter died out of her eyes and something else replaced it. Tom gave thanks for the pills as he came inside her for the fourth time, Sally clinging to him like a sexual limpet, her legs wrapped around his ribcage, her mouth saying the wildest things in his ear.

Tom staggered into work the next morning. He had never known 72 hours like it, but he did have a genuine headache now. He reached for Jim's pills and chuckled. This time they couldn't help him.

He dialled the doctor's number for a further supply of the magic tablets. "Got anything for a headache, as well, Doc?"

"You've got them," said Jim.

"What do you mean?"

"The pills I gave you for your, er, problem. They are Aspirin under a fancy name. Your trouble was all in the mind, wasn't it?"

"I'll say," Tom agreed, as Julia came mincing towards him with a horny look in her eyes . . .

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A moment later he was on his back by my side and the way he was gulping the air into his lungs was almost scary.

It was a long time before he made a move. He kissed me tenderly — "Till tomorrow Mrs Duncan," he whispered.

I remember lying on my back as he got dressed and packed his little case of oils and powders. I just luxuriated in my feeling of wondrous well-being. I was deliriously happy. I could feel his spunk moving in my belly and trickling out of my cunt and down my thighs — already a little pool had collected on the towel.

Is it any wonder that when Andy got back from his golf quite a few hours later his first words were: "Oh Darling — you're still limping badly aren't you. You'd better have some more massage tomorrow hadn't you?"

Do you blame me for not disagreeing with him? — Debbie, Kent.

Well, this'll never win the Booker Prize. But it has won our famed £50 award for audacity — Ed.

Harpoon Man

After reading Knave Vol. 21 No. 7, I would like to take issue with one of your readers' letters, entitled, "Bollocks". In it, the writer — who claims to be female — bemoans the number of letters she has read from men claiming to have genitals of enormous proportions.

She obviously isn't as experienced with men as she claims to be. As a man with a penis measured at 11 inches when fully erect, I have no complaints from the women I have slept with. Nor have any spoken of feeling pain when I enter them. Perhaps "Linda" from "Bognor Regis" should visit me if she believes that a small prick is better than a large one. — J.C., Essex.

Well, calling yourself a "big prick" only fuels her argument, doesn't it. And as for not receiving complaints of pain from the ladies you have slept with . . . perhaps you shouldn't sleep with so many 'loose women'? — Ed.

Three To One

I've often read about threesomes, but I never believed it would happen to me. My girlfriend Sally has a very good friend, called Penny. Penny has got black hair, and the figure of a Goddess — although not as good as Sally's. Anyway, Sally has always said she fancied Penny, and I used to joke that I wouldn't mind getting both of them in bed — believing that it would never happen, of course.

One day, Sally invited Penny to stay the night and have a few drinks, but what I didn't know was that Sally had a few surprises in store for me.

I said I needed a shower, and left the two of them in the bedroom looking at clothes or something. After about fifteen minutes, I emerged from the shower, put a towel around my waist, and walked into the bedroom. To my astonishment, Penny was in front of me wearing only a black basque and fishnet stockings, I heard the door close, and turned to see Sally dressed in red stockings and suspenders. "Well," said Sally, "this is your fantasy, enjoy it, we'll do the work."

With that, Sally and Penny each grabbed one of my arms and lay me on the bed. My cock was pointing at the ceiling, and removing the constricting towel, Penny took hold of my engorged member and started sucking.

"No, let me make him wet. You sit on his face," said Sally.

With that, Sally started giving me an amazing blow job while Penny straddled my face. Her pussy was fantastic, and smelled wonderful. She lowered herself slightly and shoved her black haired cunt into my face.

"Lick me," she ordered. "Make me wet so you can fuck me, I want to feel your tongue against my clit and your fingers in my pussy."

How could I resist an offer like that? I started tonguing her, flicking and licking her sensitive little love button. I could feel Penny's love juice trickling down my chin and neck.

"Right, Penny, he's going to fuck you now," Sally said.

Penny got down on all fours and I proceeded to fuck her doggy style. I moved toward her, parted her soft, wet labia and gently pushed my hard tool into her. Penny let out a short groan as I began to build up a gentle rhythm. To my amazement, Sally then came over, and by lying underneath me, was able to lick my balls as I rammed in and out of Penny's cunt.

I was in Seventh Heaven, my girlfriend was licking and nibbling my balls while I fucked her best friend! Periodically, Sally would pull my prick out of Penny's dripping pussy, and suck it for a couple of seconds, then, when Penny complained about the lack of attention she was getting, Sally would replace it inside her.

Suddenly I could feel myself coming, I pulled out just in time to spurt all my spunk over Penny's bum and back, and Sally's face. After we'd all had a chance to recover, we tried a variation of the same thing, but that's another story! — *M.P., Devon.*

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Dear Saucy Sue,
I've just returned from a great sun soaked holiday abroad with my friend Randy Sandy (0836 405 530), who persuaded me to go along in search of well hung men to go Bouncing On The Beach (0836 405 531) with.

The task was made quite easy as our reputation for being a pair of Gasping Girls (0836 405 532) soon had the men Solid And Steamy (0836 405 533), so we could afford to be choosy.

We started the day by slipping into our revealing swimming costumes, then marching down to the beach where we would parade our Silky Thighs (0836 405 334) and Warm Wet Cheeks (0836 405 335) to those we thought worthy of taking back to the hotel.

It wouldn't be long before some hunk would Come With Me (0836 405 336), leaving Sandy leading another one to the waters edge with her Helping Hand (0836 405 337), where they would both Moan In Foam (0836 405 338) together.

My first guy turned out to be a Real Handfull (0836 405 339). As soon as we were in my room he had me Stripped Naked (0836 405 340) so that he could run his Expert Tongue (0836 405 341) all over my Milky Breasts (0836 405 342). I knew there and then that I wanted him to Give It All To Me (0836 405 343), so I grabbed hold of him with my Clammy Clench (0836 405 344) and proceeded to leave Smeared Lipstick (0836 405 345) along his length, which soon had him Gasping For More (0836 405 346). I however had different ideas, and urged him to Climb On Top (0836 405 347) and slide between my Creamy Spread (0836 405 348), slowly pushing Harder And Deeper (0836 405 349) as I squirmed under him up and down on the Squeeky Bed Springs (0836 405 564), bringing me to a Groaning Climax (0836 405 565).

We made so much noise though that the manager of the hotel complained, but he forgave me when I offered him an Oily Massage (0836 405 566) later that night. I crept into his room, swept back his Satin Sheets (0836 405 567) and Smoothly Stroked (0836 405 568) the oil into his muscular back.

When he woke up he got me to Peel My Cothes Off (0836 405 569) so he could admire my Moist And Memorable (0836 405 570) body, which was Firm And Fondled (0836 405 571) in his grasp.

The manager has since sent me a free ticket to fly over and see him. Do you think I should go ?

Saucy Sue Says:

Of course you should ! For starters you might get the chance to join the Mile High Club (0836 405 572) with some dishy pilot, they just can't resist a woman in Kinky Clothing (0836 405 591), especially Fishnet Stockings (0836 405 592) with Torn 'T' Shirts (0836 405 593) or a Tight Black Leather (0836 405 594) outfit.

Leave a message for SAUCY SUE on 0836 405 595

WATCHED & WANTING

Dear Saucy Sue,
I recently took my Desirable Housewife (0836 405 573) to see the film 'Slow Stripper' (0836 405 574) in the hope that she would get some ideas when we got home. The trouble was, the film made her feel so Randy & Raunchy (0836 405 575), she became Damp & Desperate (0836 405 576) for some Hot Hard Action (0836 405 577) while we were still in the cinema.

I watched as she parted her Luscious Legs (0836 405 578) to allow her hand Easy Access (0836 405 579) to her Private Patch (0836 405 580), and soon found myself unclipping her Black Suspenders (0836 405 581) so that I could pull her Smooth Silk Knickers (0836 405 582) free. She just sat there with her Pouting Lips (0836 405 583) Waiting For It (0836 405 584), so I got out of my seat to give her A Good Seeing To (0836 405 585). We were making so many Orgasmic Sounds (0836 405 586) that the audience paid us more attention than the film.

Ever since then my wife will only Tease & Please Me (0836 405 587) inside the cinema, what can I do ?

Saucy Sue Says:

It sounds to me like your wife has a fetish for Peeping Toms (0836 405 588),so maybe she'll allow you to have an occasional Steamy Session (0836 405 589) indoors if you leave the Curtains Open & Lights On (0836 405 590).

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Triple Helpings

I am in my late fifties, divorced, and occasionally pick up one of the girlie mags. Most of the stories have been going the rounds since I was a lad. However, you ask for personal stories. This DID happen to me, although I doubt that you will see fit to print it.

I have a couple of lady friends who quite happily cater to my sexual needs. They are both a couple of years younger than myself; one of them, I shall call her Jill, has quite a number of regular men friends apart from the man she lives with. To put it mildly, she likes cock! To cut a long story short, one afternoon when we were having a bit of fun, the conversation got around to "threesomes". I had never tried anything of this nature and to be honest I really didn't fancy it, but at the time, I was ready for anything and I agreed that it might be good for a laugh.

The next time I phoned her, she said that her live-in-lover was not working that day, and would I like to come over and we could all three have a giggle. To be honest, I didn't really fancy it, but she was quite keen for me to meet Dave, so I finally agreed to her suggestion.

I was quite surprised when I met Dave, I didn't know quite what I had expected, but he turned out to be about my age, very smart (so is Jill) and was a manager for an insurance company. We had a drink, and got on quite well.

Eventually, Jill slipped out of the room and came back wearing a white see-through blouse, a short skirt and high heeled shoes. Now Jill has a body that any woman of thirty would be proud of. Her tits are firm and high and were pushing the nipples hard against the fabric of her blouse. Dave and I were sat at opposite ends of a three seater settee and Jill sat herself down on a low chair directly opposite. As she crossed her legs the skirt rode up and that tantalizing bit of thigh appeared above the tops of her stockings.

"I could see his prick sliding in and out of Jill's sticky little cunt."

"I hope that you are wearing knickers you naughty thing," Dave said.

"Of course I am," Jill replied, and uncrossing her legs, she lifted her skirt and showed us that she was indeed wearing knickers. A lovely pair of satin French knickers with lots of lace and those lovely wide legs which allow you to get your hand up for a nice feel. If there is one thing that turns me on, it is the combination of French knickers, suspenders, stocking and high heeled shoes.

"As to being naughty," Jill said, "Of course I am, that's what we are here for, isn't it?" Standing up, she unfastened her skirt and let it drop to the floor and it was quickly followed by her blouse. As she pirouetted in front of us she raised her arms and pushed her hair up the back of her neck on to the top of her head. Without any hesitation my prick paid her the ultimate compliment and stood up for her. I could see from the expression on Dave's face that he was enjoying the exhibition. She came over to me and sat on my lap, put her arms round my neck and kissed me, putting her tongue into my mouth, all the time gyrating her buttocks against my straining prick which was doing its best to burst out of my trousers. Needless to say, my hands were busy massaging those wonderful tits, and after a couple of minutes, I put my hand on her knee, and moved it up slowly until I reached her stocking tops, the bare flesh of her thigh and then up under the knickers and into her soaking cunt.

"As she crossed her legs the skirt rode up and that tantalizing bit of thigh appeared above the tops of her stockings."

Suddenly she pulled away from me, stood up and said "I am not the only one who is being naugthy, am I?" I had almost forgotten that Dave was there by this time, but he was, stark naked, and the sight of our little exhibition had put his cock into the same condition as mine. "Oh," said Jill, "lovely, lets go upstairs," and without letting go of our rampant cocks she led the way up to the bedroom.

There we tried every combination under the sun. Dave and Jill sucking and fucking; myself and Jill sucking and fucking; and Jill with Dave and me fucking at opposite ends — until eventually Dave and I were laid on our backs and Jill was wanking us both off at the same time. I don't know how she controlled it, but both Dave and myself shot our spunk out together. Jill was delighted with herself and I was feeling quite pleased too. We had a drink, and I had to go to the toilet for a pee. When I came back into the room, Dave

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91 ◄

was flat on his back again, and Jill was slowly running her hand up and down his prick which almost immediately hardened again.

"If you sit in that chair, Bill, you can watch me and Dave if you like." Saying which, she bent over Dave and started to wank his prick with her mouth. Every so often, she would stop moving her head up and down, and gently suck his cock like a child drinking through a straw. Abandoning this, they changed positions, and Dave went to work on Jill's cunt with his mouth and tongue, then they did a 69, then Jill knelt down and Dave mounted her from behind. I could see his prick sliding in and out of Jill's sticky little cunt, all the while making the most delicious slurping sounds. Finally, Dave stood up, Jill went on her knees again and took his prick in her mouth. Dave suddenly drew away from Jill's mouth, and taking his prick into his hand, wanked himself off shooting his spunk over Jill's face. While this was going on, I had been gently rubbing Jill's french knickers up and down the length of my prick. When Dave started to wank, I could not resist it and quickly followed suit and wanked myself off into Jill's knickers.

Jill reached over to give me a paper hanky, but I grabbed her, threw her back on the bed and I had the fuck of my life. I felt as I felt in my prime, the only thing that mattered was that my prick was poking around inside a hot, wet, warm and sticky little cunt, and when I shot my load, the sensation nearly took the top of my head off.

I have seen Jill many times since then. On one occasion Dave was there.

Excuse the standard of typing, have you ever tried typing with a hard on? I must go now, the only way I will get any peace from this thing is to let it fuck the five fingered widow! Bye. — *Bill, Forres.*

The Abominable Hack

I must tell you about a lady I met at a wine tasting (and incidentally make £50.00 from your magazine as advertised in "Penpower". How about it?). *(Look, mush, we only pay £50 for the letter of the month. Cheeky buggers only get the standard fiver — Ed.)*

It was her black high-heeled sandals that I noticed first. My eyes travelled up her calves to the crossed knees, to the hem of the skirt flowing across the sheer thighs. The skirt was short, circular and bold — black with big white polka dots. A fiery red torso-hugging top just covered the swell of nipples. From the exposed cleavage I admired as she leaned forward I reckoned each breast to be firm, proud and just nicely one handful in size. More attractive than the usual auction-room girlie.

She was looking at me as my eyes rose to hers. She smiled and we raised glasses although she was in earnest conversation with others, shaking her attractive bare shoulders and nodding her pretty head of cropped blonde hair. You just had to look at the huge swinging earrings and the throat-hugging necklace. I could so easily read the expressions on the more flushed of the faces around — one more shake and her tits will fall out, please God, let me be watching when she uncrosses her legs.

She was, of course, aware of the unsettling effect she was having. All the head and shoulder shaking was to take your

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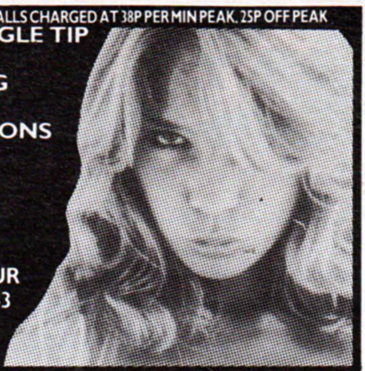

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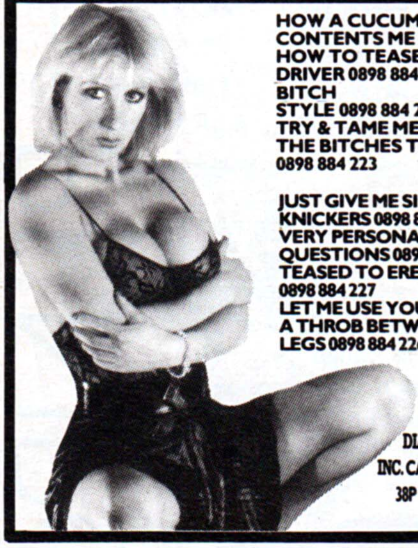

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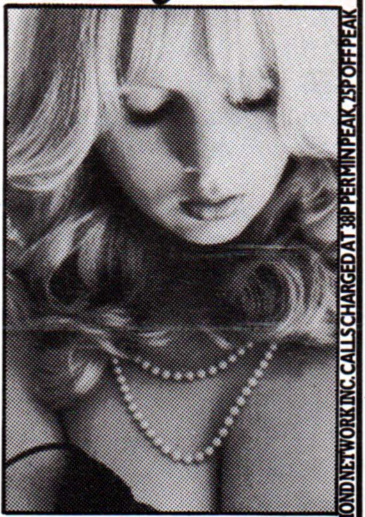

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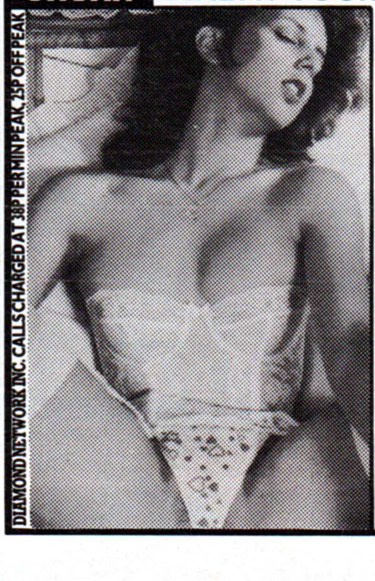

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eyes away from her hands which had somehow managed to gather all the more exotic and expensive bottles. I'm an old hand at getting more than my fare share of free liquid gold at these pre-auction wine tastings but my technique of flashing the old press badge *(You're a disgrace to the profession. Why not apply for my job? — Ed.)* had nothing on her.

"She encouraged me to run my fingers over the tight and erect nipple."

Approaching the table and examining the bottles I calculated that she had emptied a selection of the finest old tipples the auctioneers had opened, Europe's finest of the last three hundred years or so. I had to master my expression which was beginning to go blank as the adding machine in my head totted up the value of what had slid between those pretty lips. I suddenly had an urgent desire to slip something there myself.

There was a general move towards the door and the usual pushy stewards extracting hollow promises from we punters to make this evening worth their while by putting in some good bids tomorrow or even turning up. My press badge relieved me of such irksome exchanges and I thought that it might as easily cover two as one. The luscious lady uncoiled herself as I timed my approach to take her arm in gentlemanly fashion. "Shall we go?" I ventured.

We got back to her place. I followed her in through the front door and was immediately pinned against the wall, hot breath blowing on my neck. "I think my dog wants to be friends with you," she chuckled from a safe distance. "The best way to calm him is to fetch out his brush and comb and groom him. Just wait there," she said unnecessarily. Fang then released me and trotted after his mistress. I followed as soon as my legs felt safe to walk on and found myself in a subtle Japanese style room with screens and tatami matting scattered with bright cushions softly lit by bamboo and rice paper shoji lamps. The dog, my first worry, was at bay with brush and comb while Madame lay back across a futon , still fully dressed except that the skirt which had flowed so alluringly across the thighs was now framing a mound of dark blonde hair around the parted lips of a pouting pussy. She stared at me across the up-tilted breasts, still encased in the bright red boob tube but obviously straining under the pressure of fully erect nipples.

I advanced on her. She groaned and rolled over onto her stomach. Now I wrenched her thighs apart and thrust my dick at her — it was throbbing with a huge erection and pulsing blood. With a shock, I felt it grasped and hauled in to the hilt as she parted and bucked her buttocks.

"Well come on!" she invited, so I came on. She screamed, my balls gave a convulsion and I shot a hot jet into the midst of that electrifying body. She rolled over so that I lay on my back under her. Cleverly she contrived to burst out of the little red top and with one hand guided me to cup and squeeze a cool and conical breast while reaching for her clitoris with the other. My cock had sprung out of her and as I reached round to close my hand over hers she began to rub and massage herself towards an orgasm. She directed me to reach inside her vagina. I explored its topography with two fingers while feeling her hand move up and down above mine quickly and lightly. Our other hands cupped and moved, grasped and pressed the little breast until she encouraged me to run my fingers over the tight and erect nipple. Her body was beginning to go taut and she was catching her breath. She offered up her other breast to my mouth where I took the nipple between my teeth, squeezing and pulling it and running my tongue over its firm peak. I could feel her welling up and I carressed both nipples, one with the tip of my tongue and the other with the tips of my fingers. I slowed her moving hand as I judged she was ripe to prolong the moment and then with a sudden spasm she released, her whole body shivering with ecstasy.

"I gripped her hips to my blazing thighs as her vaginal muscles pulled the spunk out of me."

I was ready to take advantage and raised her buttocks, re-entering her with my revitalized tool. Now she was riding me and it was my turn to shake with muscular force and tension, for the effort of squeezing just one more ounce of juice up through the shaft and into her. Our bodies rode together as I found the energy that comes with sexual drive to toss her body up and down above me. I gripped her hips to my blazing thighs and with a

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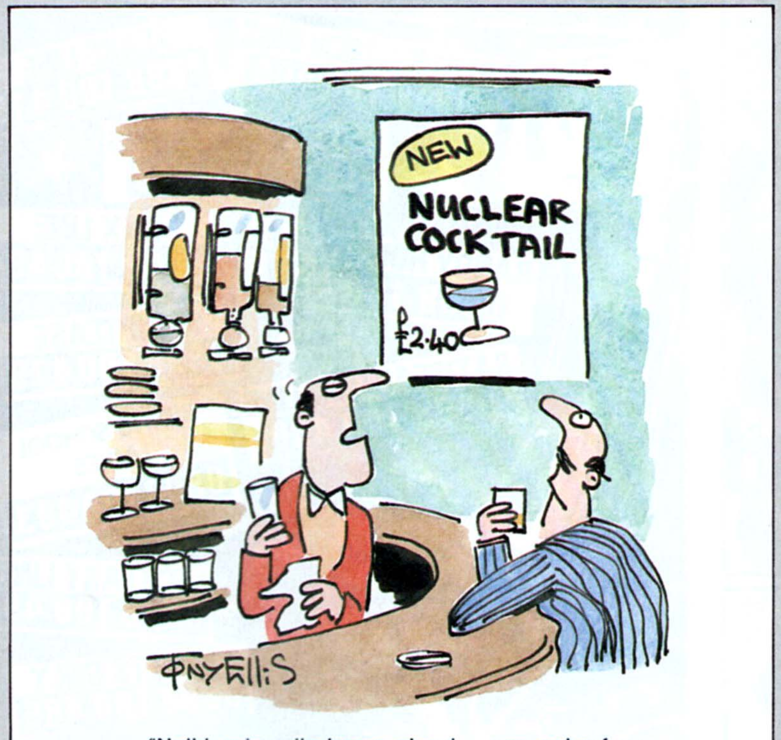

"Nothing to write home about — you get a four minute warning before you throw up..."

flash through my body I spouted riotously into her as her vaginal muscles pulled the spunk out of me.

We slept intertwined on the cool firm futon. In the half light she awoke and shed the remains of her skirt and top. "Oh dear," she said, "I still have my clothes on. Did I go to sleep on you after leading you on so?" Was my performance so un-memorable?

Talk about a shattered ego!
— *C.B., Windsor.*

Collectors' Item

Ever since Vol. 20 No. 5, I've been waiting anxiously for the re-appearance of a model called Roxanne. True collectors will remember her from Vol. 15 Numbers 5, 6 and 9 (and probably some other issues as well), as 'Dionne'. She must be the hottest model in the history of girlie magazines, and has appeared in just about all of them at one time or another.

What I'm trying to say is this, let's have MORE of her! Must we wait so long for her appearances? Why not devote an entire magazine to her? Get the message? — D.B., West Yorks.

All we know about Roxanne, is that she's Californian! We sometimes buy sets from our American photographers, but we haven't seen anything of Roxanne for a while. Since she's been around for so long, she may be past her prime, but we'll keep an eye out for her! — Ed.

Security Hard

I am a security guard, and would like to share a recent experience I had while working in a large stationery store. It was Christmas Eve last year, and the shop was close to closing, so fairly quiet. I went downstairs to the staff canteen for a cup of coffee. On my way down, I literally bumped into Tanya, a rather attractive blonde sales assistant. I apologized, expecting her to call me stupid, or clumsy. Instead she grinned naughtily, and said, "Anytime, sweetie."

Now, I'm what is known as a painfully shy sort of bloke, and Tanya's reply made me go as red as a beetroot. Tanya looked at me and said, "Aw, what a shame. He's bashful. Well, we'll just have to cure you of that, won't we!" With that, she kissed me long and hard. I could taste alcohol on her tongue, and it was obvious she'd been getting into the Festive spirit, but she certainly wasn't drunk — she'd just had enough to lose her inhibitions.

The longer she kissed me, the more I responded, and we eventually stepped away from each other, catching our breath. Tanya had a quick look around, grabbed my hand, and said, "Follow me." How could I refuse?

We entered the stock room, and went as far back as we could go, where only the display shelves are kept. I moved a few bits and pieces around, so that we would have some room, and made sure that there was a kind of wall hiding us from the door. When this was done, I turned and faced Tanya. "Please kiss me again," she said.

I stepped closer, and we started to kiss, our tongues fighting for space in each others' mouths. I was getting bolder and bolder now, so I put one hand on her breast, and the other on the zip of her dress. Slowly, I pulled down her zip. As I did so, she removed my tie and shirt. When her zipper was right down, I pulled down the shoulder straps, and her dress fell to the ground. By now, she was unfastening my

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trousers, and pushed them as well as my pants, to the floor, releasing my straining erection.

She took my now rock solid, nine inch penis, and slowly pulled me off, saying, "Why are you so shy, when you have this beautiful thing attached to you?" But I was too busy with her large, wonderfully shaped breasts to reply. I slowly kneaded and squeezed them, until her raspberry coloured nipples were solid. "I want to suck you," said Tanya. She knelt down, took hold of my dick, and ran her nails up and down its length. Then suddenly, she put my cock into her mouth as far back as it would go, and started to suck. Slowly, she drew her head back and forth, sucking harder all the time.

"She took hold of my now rock solid nine inch penis and slowly pulled me off."

It was a truly fantastic feeling, and I knew I was going to come at any second. Tanya seemed to sense this, and started to suck harder and harder, until I shot my load into her mouth. She sucked and swallowed until I was hard again, then said, "Now you're going to fuck me as hard as you can. I won't explode when I come, so let's go!"

She lay on the floor then, but I had other ideas about fucking just yet. I pulled down her skimpy panties, and was greeted by the lovliest set of pubes I have ever seen. They had been shaved into a heart shape, but the edge had been dyed black, whilst the centre was blonde.

"Do you like my pubes then?" Tanya asked. "Too bloody right I do," I replied. I leaned forward and kissed them, whilst rubbing her slit with the heel of my hand. I worked myself into a position from where I started to kiss and lick her wet mound. She took hold of my hand and squeeled, "Oh, please don't stop now!" She lifted herself up, and wrapped her legs around my shoulders. I eased her cunt lips apart and started to lick her, inserting my finger at the same time — she loved it. She moaned and whimpered as she approached her orgasm, suddenly becoming rigid, as my tongue brought her off.

Just as I was catching my breath, I heard a gasp behind me. Pushing aside Tanya, I saw Eva, another of the staff, standing watching us. I was just about to make a dive for my uniform, when she said, "Tanya, you little bitch. You were going to keep him all to yourself." Tanya smiled and said, "No, come and join in." Eva said, "Only if he undresses me," and looked towards my thick cock. By now I had lost all my shyness, and said, "Why don't we both undress you, Eva," and without giving her a chance to reply, I pulled Tanya to her feet.

"Eva was kneeling astride my dick whilst Tanya knelt over my face."

She went behind, and I stood in front of Eva. I put my arms around her and pulled her zip down, letting her skirt fall to the ground. Tanya then reached round and undid Eva's blouse buttons, and took the blouse off. I was again greeted by the sight of a pair of tits, held in a skimpy bra. I unfastened it, and started to squeeze her breasts. Tanya, by now had decided to go it alone, and was busy feeling Eva's mound through her panties. I removed Eva's bra and admired her tits. Although they were smaller than Tanya's, they had the longest, most beautiful nipples I have ever seen. They must have stood out by at least an inch. I just had to suck them. When I did so, Eva put one hand behind her — she must have been touching up Tanya — and with the other began stroking my dick. After a few minutes I knelt down, leaving Tanya to play with Eva's tits, and pulled down Eva's black panties. I rubbed her clitty with my hand, then began to finger her, hard. My middle finger going in for its full length.

Again, after a few minutes of this, we stopped, and Eva said, "Let's fuck him now." Tanya agreed, and they made me lie on the floor. Eva was kneeling astride my dick, whilst Tanya knelt over my face. Tanya said, "One, two, three, NOW!" And they both slowly lowered themselves onto me.

Eva was fucking me as hard as she could, whilst Tanya held my head against her soaking clit. All the time I was licking Tanya, she was telling Eva to fuck me harder. As my dick started to spasm, Eva stopped, and I came deep inside her, she squeeled in delight as her own spasm hit her, and this in turn set Tanya off, and she came in my face. The three of us collapsed back to the floor, satisfied, and tired.

After about five minutes of kissing and holding — the time it took us all to recover — we got dressed, and went in search of a wash. We had spent a wonderful hour together, and have since repeated it. But in more pleasant surroundings, of course!

I doubt if the girls will ever see this, but thanks anyway, you sure cured me of my shyness! — *S.S., London.*

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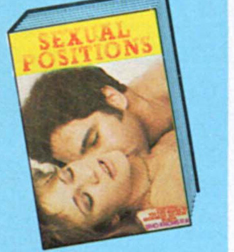

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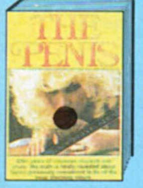

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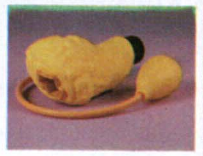

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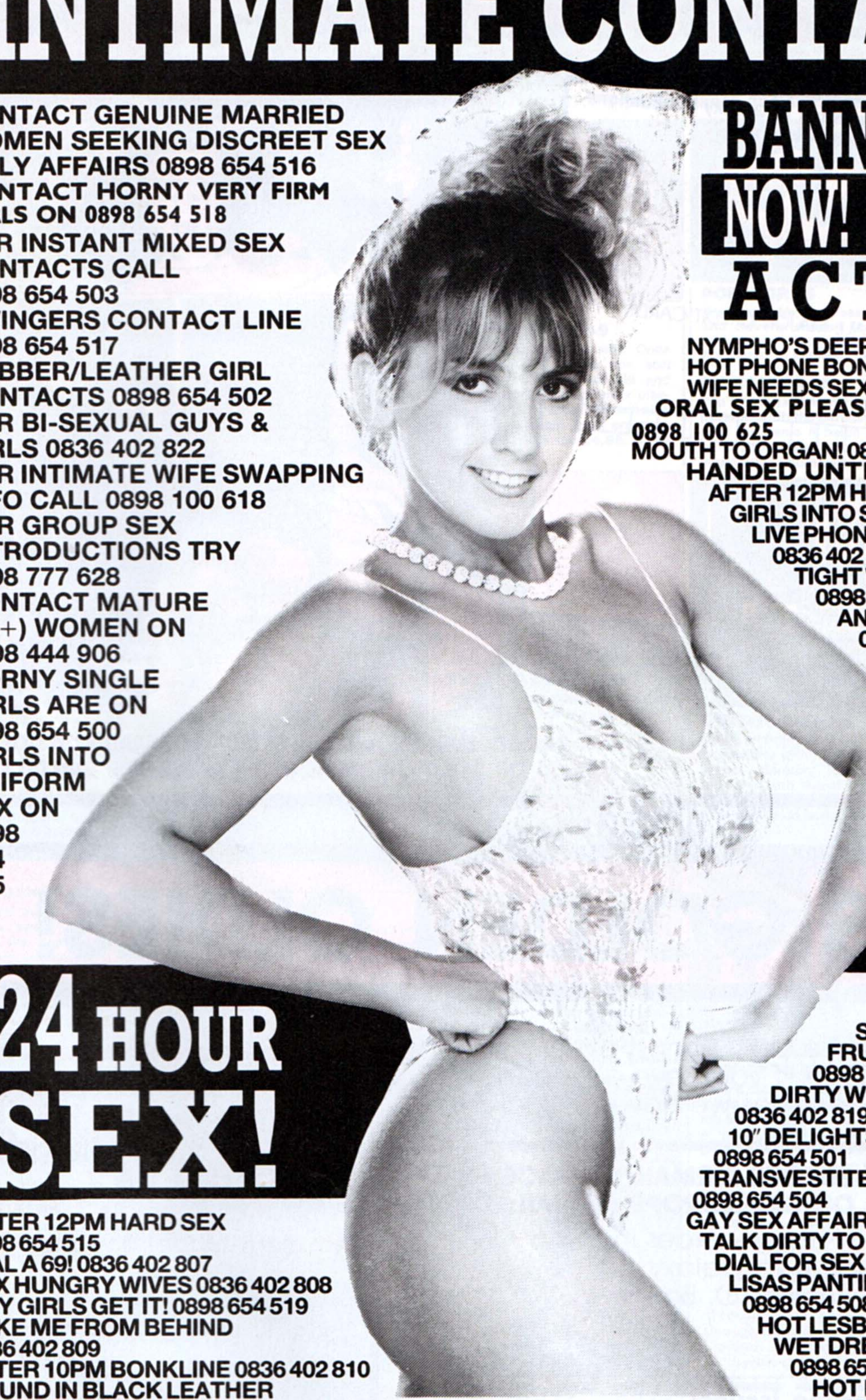

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HANDED UNTIL SORE 0898 777 621
AFTER 12PM HAND JOB 0836 402 827
GIRLS INTO SEX TOYS 0836 402 828
LIVE PHONE SEX AFFAIRS 0836 402 829
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BOUND IN BLACK LEATHER 0898 777 606
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ITS HOT AND INSIDE MY PANTIES 0836 402 812
SLIPPERY AND WET 0898 777 608
SHE'S HOT, TIGHT N' WILLING 0836 402 813
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LUCY IS JUICY AND WAITING ON 0898 777 624
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HOT SEX INFORMATION ON 0836 402 814
HORNY MEN MUST RING 0836 402 815 NOW!

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DIRTY WIVES NEEDING SEX ON 0836 402 819
10" DELIGHTS – GIRLS RING 0898 654 501
TRANSVESTITE TOUCH LINE 0898 654 504
GAY SEX AFFAIRS 0898 654 505
TALK DIRTY TO ME PLEASE 0898 654 506
DIAL FOR SEX INFO 0898 100 635
LISAS PANTIES ARE YOURS ON 0898 654 508
HOT LESBIAN LOVE 0898 654 509
WET DREAMS 0898 654 511
HOT N'TIGHT FOR YOU 0898 654 512
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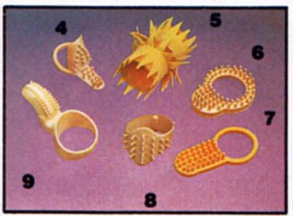

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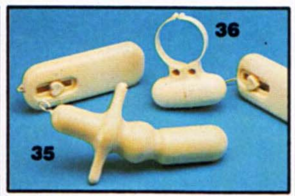

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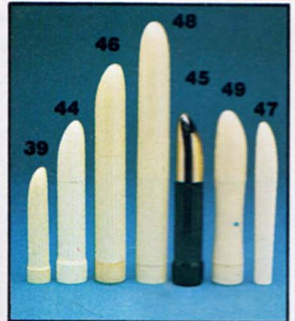

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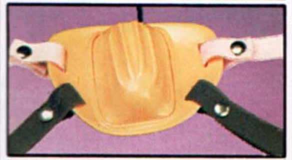

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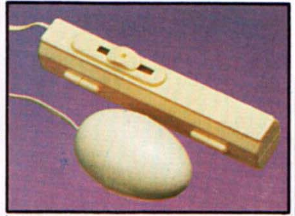

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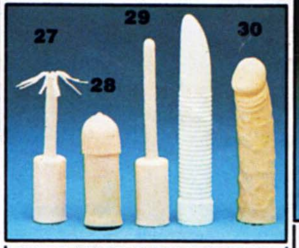

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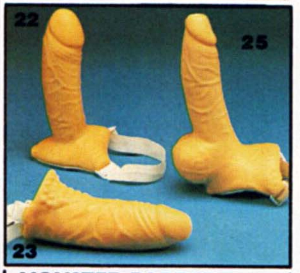

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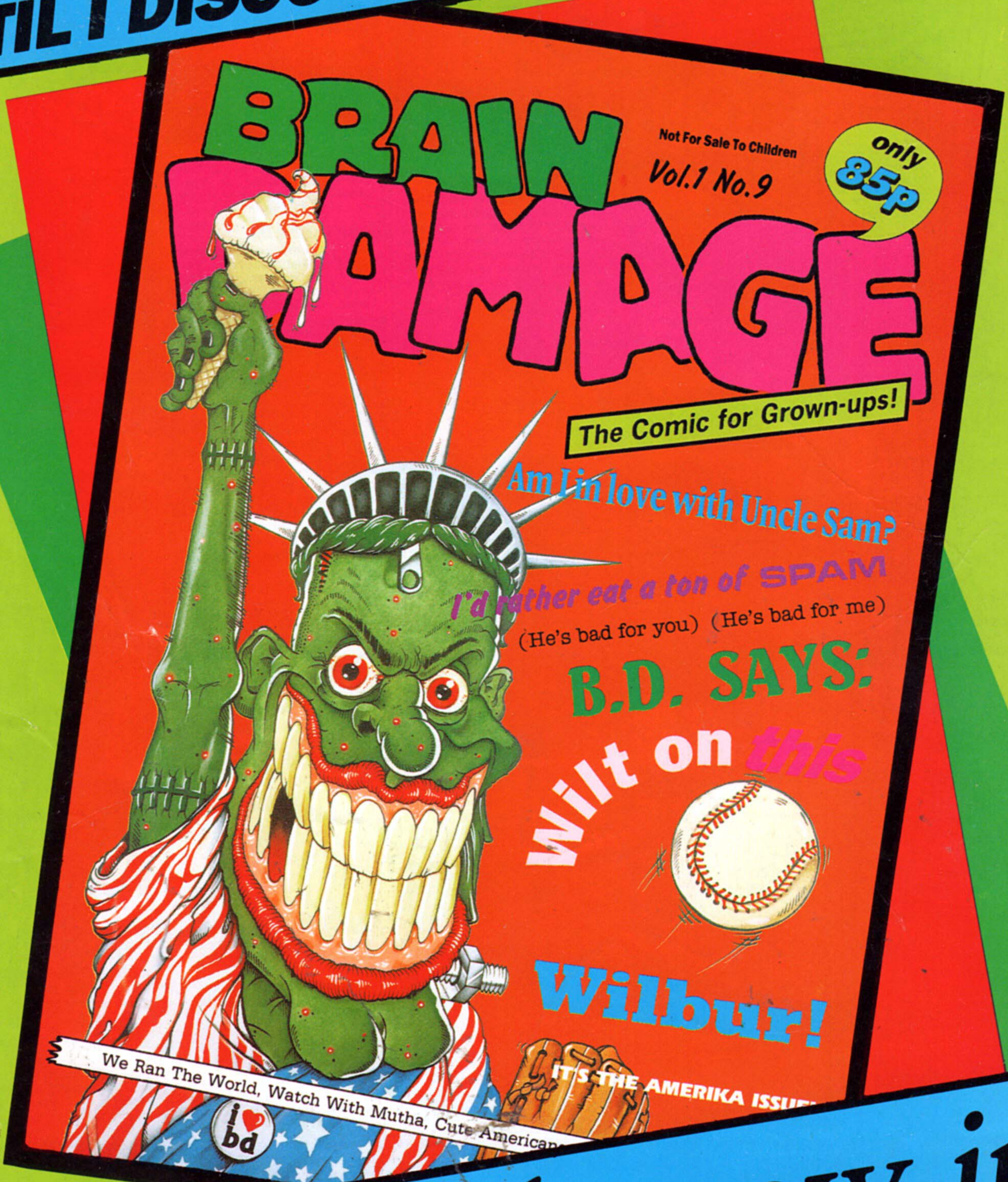
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Wilt on this
Wilbur!
IT'S THE AMERIKA ISSUE
We Ran The World, Watch With Mutha, Cute American
i ♥ bd

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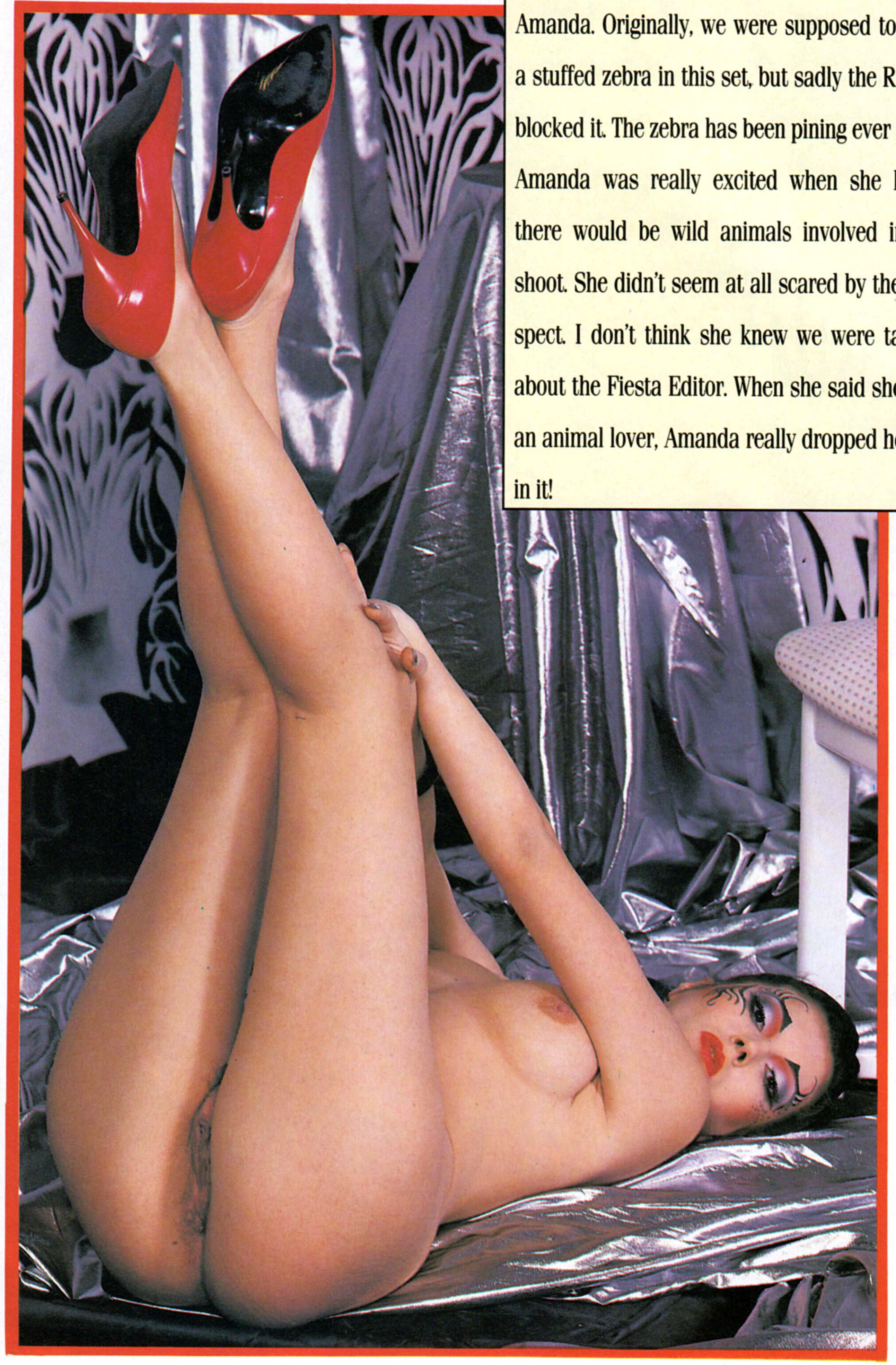
AMANDA

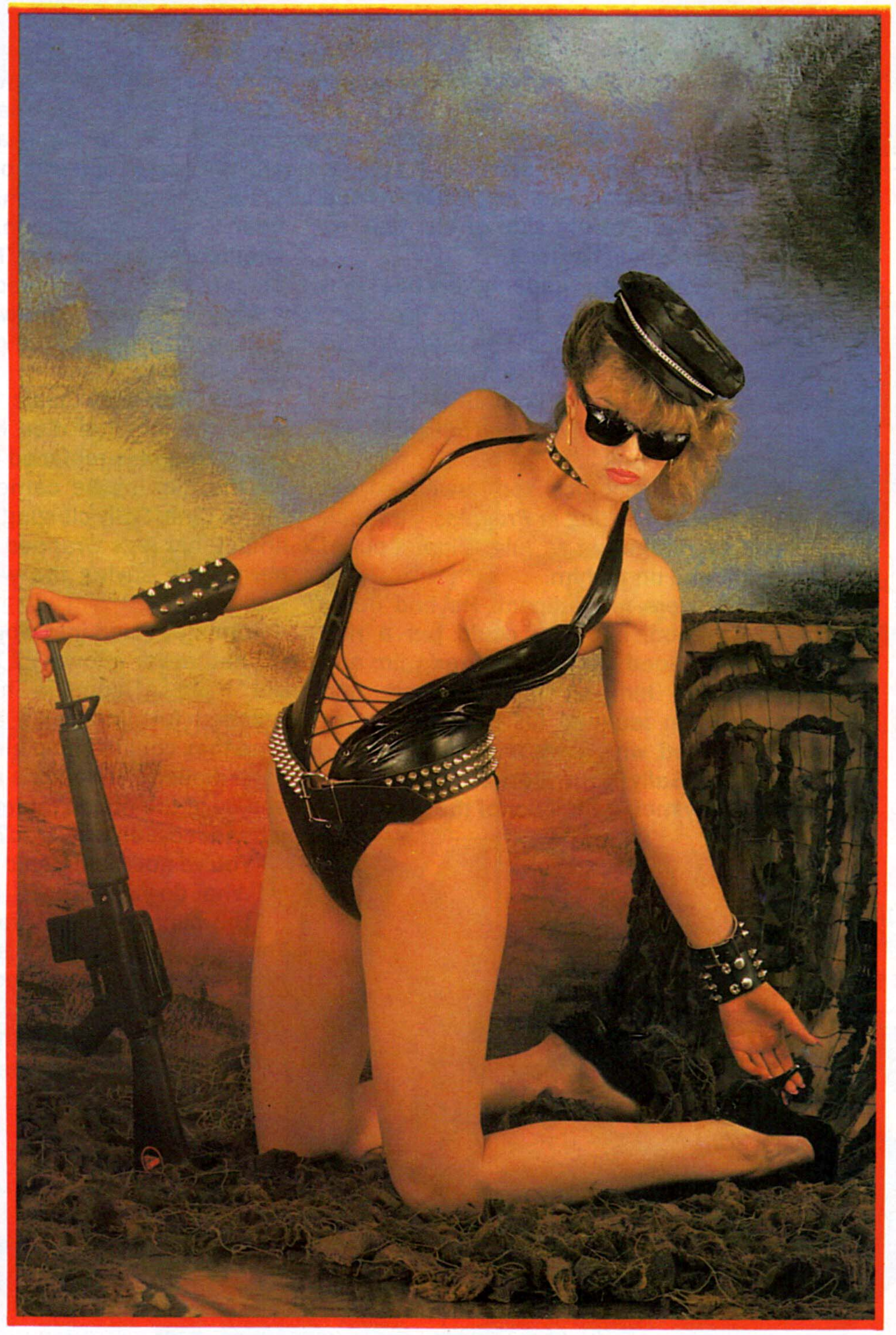
Getting a bit *Wildlife On One* this month is Amanda. Originally, we were supposed to have a stuffed zebra in this set, but sadly the RSPCA blocked it. The zebra has been pining ever since. Amanda was really excited when she heard there would be wild animals involved in the shoot. She didn't seem at all scared by the prospect. I don't think she knew we were talking about the Fiesta Editor. When she said she was an animal lover, Amanda really dropped herself in it!



Photographed by James Freeman

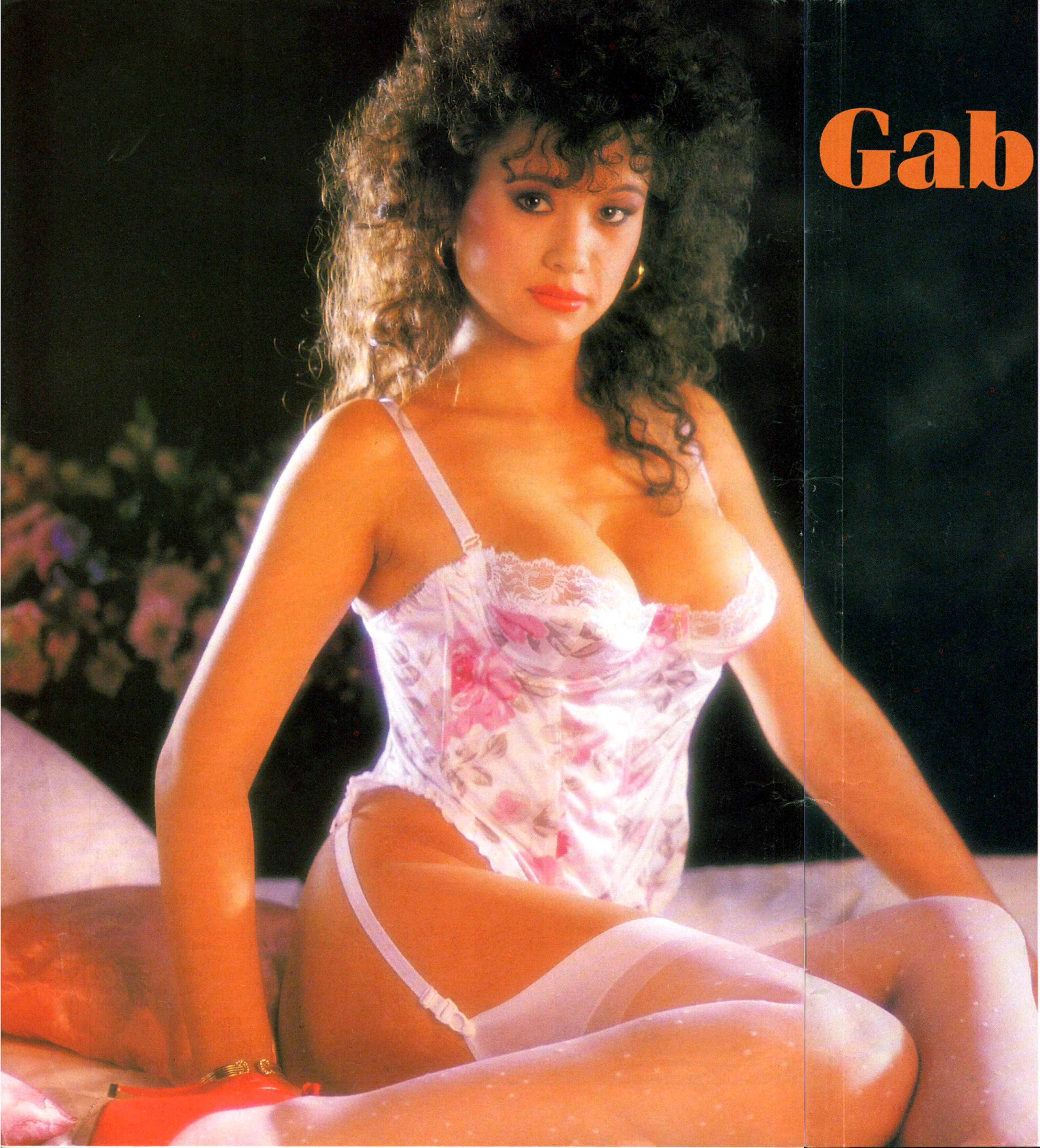
AMANDA

Charlie



Charlie told me that she liked the feel of leather next to her skin. Fine, I said, so do cows. After I had recovered from the beating she gave me, I told her that I really hadn't meant it, and that I'd prefer the feel of her skin against mine to any leather she could mention. Luckily, I had donned my running shoes that morning, and was off before she could even think about using her baseball bat. Sir Gutto the Editor never knew what hit him. Until he regained consciousness, of course.

Photographed by Daniel Mayor



Gabriella

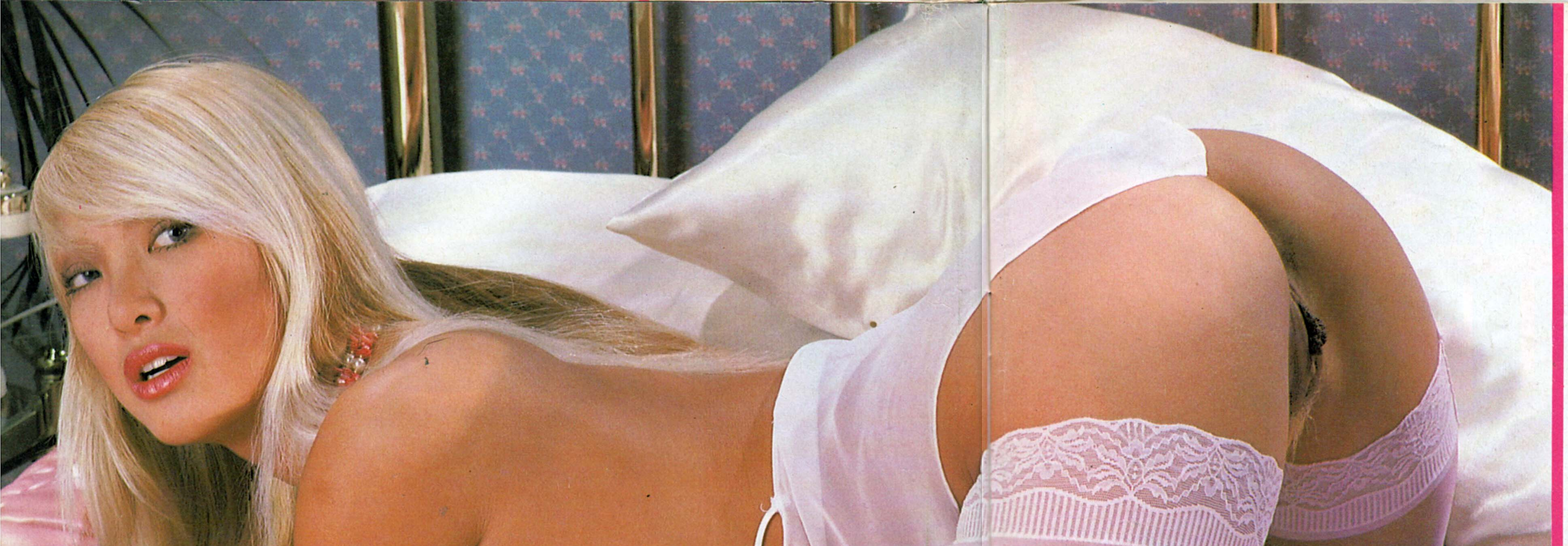
Raised from good Spanish stock, Gabriella arrived on our shores at the tender age of six. Raised at an all-girls school, it took Gabriella a long time to notice boys. Not surprisingly, it didn't take the boys quite so long to notice her, and they've been trailing along behind her ever since. Sir Gutto was no exception, and followed our Spanish maiden everywhere, even into the ladies' toilets. Well, he *said* it was because he was mesmerised by her, but he did take an awfully long time to come out . . .

Photographed by Joop de Kooning

KASCHA

Now it wouldn't be entirely honest of me to tell you that Kascha here comes from Scunthorpe and works in a chip shop. Not that there's anything wrong with that, but Kascha's line of work is a little more demanding. She is a film star. A porn film star. It's true, folks, and believe me, we've got the negatives to prove it! With her charms so obviously displayed, it's difficult to picture Kascha working as a secretary. Although we hope to slip that one past the MD – she's coming in for a job interview next week!

Photographed by Electric Eye



LISA

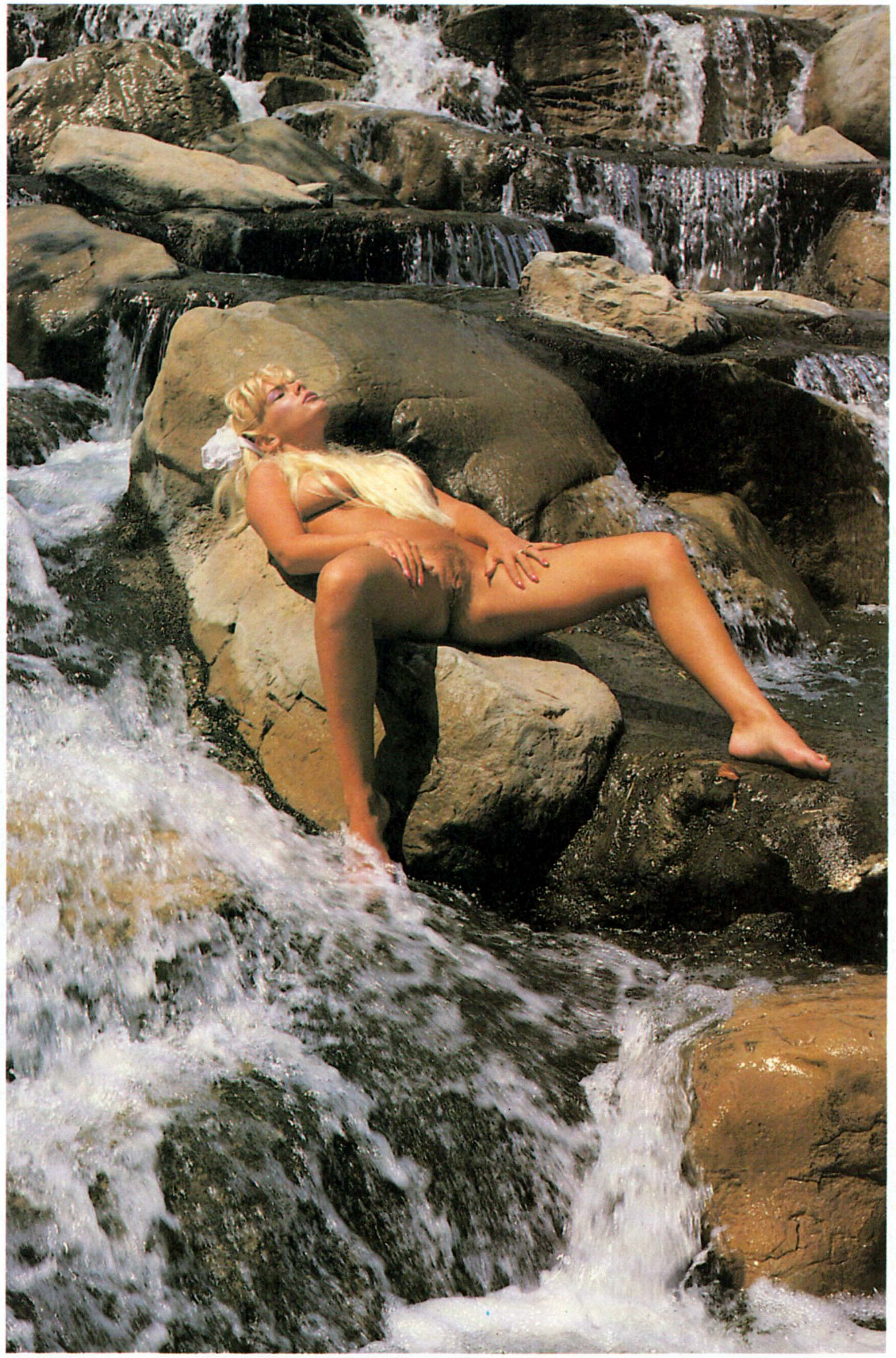
What on earth is a nice girl like Lisa doing, roasting her tight little buttocks off in the middle of a bloody desert, I asked myself when I saw these pictures? But then I noticed the name of the photographer, Austin Legrew. Ah, Legrew probably forgot the hotel reservations. A bit flippin' ironic, considering Lisa works for a travel agent. Well, she did say she wanted sun, sea and sand. I suppose we ought to be satisfied that she got the sand and sun, and we get to see!

Photographed by Austin Legrew

maggie

I'm not sure what it is, but there's something about being outdoors that makes Maggie want to take her clothes off. Think back to her last appearance, in Vol. 21 No. 7, and you'll recall that she stripped off in front of a big chopper. This time, she took us for a picnic, and before I'd even had a chance to sample her melon frappé, her kit was off, and the photographer was flashing away. Absolutely typical, I couldn't even get close to the tuna sandwiches, either.

Photographed by Joe King



THE SEARCH FOR A STAR!

The Quest Continues! We're always on the lookout for girls to become Knave Amateur Models. If you like the idea, then simply fill in the form at the end of this section, and send it, along with some photos of yourself — at least two full nude, front and back views — to the address on the form.

INTRODUCING OUR AMATEUR MODEL OF THE MONTH . . .

Mai-Ling

Now for a treat from Thailand – please welcome Mai-Ling. Currently working for a rather popular airline, Mai-Ling took time off to appear as this month's Amateur Model. When not posing on the pages of your favourite magazine, Mai-Ling's glamorous life-style sends her all round the world. In fact, there are very few countries that she hasn't had the pleasure of visiting. On her list of places to see are Russia, Brazil, and the inside of the XS Editor's wallet. But nobody goes there, not even him!

Photographed by Dave Antony

MODELS WANTED!

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Date of Birth ....

Signature ....

Photographer's Name ....

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Date Photos Taken ....

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Send to: K.A.M.F., P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

Ladies! If you're thinking of going into modelling, then now's your chance! Every month our Amateur Model Feature premiers a different girl, and next month it could be you! Provided they have never appeared in Fiesta or any other men's magazine, female readers are eligible to become Knave Amateur Models. Just send us the completed application form, and three or four nude polaroids or prints. Then, each month, we'll pick the girl we like, and invite her to our studio in Essex for a day's modelling session, with a professional glamour photographer, and our own make-up artist and hair stylist to make sure the model looks her very best.

We pay our models £200 for their day's work, and an extra £25 to the photographers who originally sent the pictures in. So come on, take that first step into a new career!